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THE SISTINE CHAPEL

By KATHERINE HALE



IN art, in literature, in life, we hear to-day the call of Nature, the old call which came to the Greeks in those early sun-washed days when strength of limb seemed necessary to strength of art; which came, in the middle ages, to Italy, and awakened the greatest Renaissance the world has ever known; which comes to us to-day and says "The body is the tabernacle of the soul; cultivate its joy and purity and power if you would cherish the life of the soul."

Now this deification of the body is a spiritual movement, one which has grown slowly—as all great movements of thought or action do. In looking back over centuries of art, we find ourselves most deeply indebted to one who of all the world's great artists best loved the human form divine, and who expressed this feeling in an art so exalted and so pure, that he seemed to have made anew the great discovery that "the body of man is a miracle of beauty, each limb a divine wonder, each muscle a joy as great as sight of stars or flowers." This man was Michelangelo, whose deathless marbles are among the great things of this world of ours, and whose whole gospel and ideals are set forth more convincingly than anywhere else at the Sistine Chapel in Rome where, deserting marble for the once, he painted frescos of such extraordinary strength and beauty that they are to-day the great-

est frescos in the world, whatever the future may have in store for us.

To realise the significance of the Michelangelo of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, however, it is necessary to have known something of the younger Michelangelo in Florence, and to have observed his intermediate development in the study-life at old, art-haunted Bologna.

We crossed the blazing square in front of St. Peter's one morning last spring to enter by the bronze gate into the long corridor that flanks the Basilica on the right and makes entrance to the immediate possessions of the Pope. And as we stood in that wonderful area with its obelisk, its fountains, its colonnades on either side, like long arms stretched out to gather all the world, we looked back at Rome shining in the distance. We thought of this work of Michelangelo enclosed here at the heart of the Eternal City as its immediate jewel, and then of little, sleepy, sunlit Settignano where he had played among the marble quarries as a child; of grim and cloudy Bologna, the scene of strenuous apprentice years; of the dear Florence of his early and later youth where still in the soft, sweet nights, along the streets of moonlit ancient palaces, one seems to catch the carnivalic note of those Mediccian revels; and still in the noonday's shadowed aisles the awful voice of Savonarola rings out through the old



DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO
SISTINE CHAPEL

Duomo as clearly to-day as in those old days when he became the soul's awakener of Italy and of Michelangelo.

To reach the Sistine Chapel one enters by the Portone di bronzo, passes the Swiss guards still wearing the very habits designed by the painter, and on up the splendid prefacing flight of the Scala Regia to the Chapel of the Popes. Here one knocks in humble and supplicating fashion ere the door—a strangely little door—of the Sistine is

opened. Then a key is turned from the inside, and in a moment one is within a faded, dingy room, long, narrow and poorly lighted; the very antithesis of everything that fancy had pictured. The sound of hammers, busy this morning over some trivial repairs, assailed the sense of reverence; while on rude benches scattered about on the darkening, inlaid floor sat or lay flat on their backs, as requirement suggested for better vision, a



DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO
SISTINE CHAPEL

meagre congregation of tourists and artists all gazing upward through opera glasses, or with the aid of hand mirrors for reflection, at the ceiling of Michelangelo.

This, at last, the Sistine chapel! The spot most sacred to art in all the world, where the greatest genius of form that has ever lived closed himself up for four years with his art, and painted upon the ceiling of this room not only the finest pictorial conception

of the creation of the world and its redemption that has ever been accomplished, but with this—and strangely intermingled—the whole spirit and purpose of the Renaissance in Italy.

This faded, shabby spot!

Nothing but the dreary weight of the hand of Time was upon us at first; nothing but a sense of personal sorrow in the decaying tones of dying tapestries of fresco to left and right—those once glowing conceptions of Botticelli,



DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO
SISTINE CHAPEL

and Signorelli, and Ghirlandajo, with which the side walls are covered. The great cracked ceiling overhead that appears to be lower at first than it is by actual measurement, but as you look seems to recede almost imperceptibly.

Then, taking the first empty bench, we seated ourselves, strained backward, and began to search among the chaos of form and colour.

I shall never forget the sharp sensa-

tion, to which every nerve responded, when the first figure from out that chaos came forth to meet me. Gazing straight upwards towards the centre of the ceiling I had happened upon the greatest of all, the central theme of the whole composition, and was looking upon Michelangelo's figure of God. Out of the distance and the obscurity it came like some great Awakener, full of such strength, such untold vitality, yet such repose, that the fires



DECORATIVE FIGURE—MICHELANGELO
SISTINE CHAPEL

of all the worlds, the serenity of all the ages, seemed embodied in the sweep of that heroic and benignant form. The Creator of all things, the Father, old with the wealth of eons that we do not know and holding in the secret of his arm the dower of the new creation, the woman and the child, stretches out his right arm and touches Adam, the first man, lying on a rocky hill-side, formed and perfect, and waiting for the gift of life. Studying this group until

the vast conception grows upon one in all its majesty, the whole imagination seems to be caught upwards by that mighty sweep of impulse, of gesture, of form, of Intention, which has been so mightily communicated to the painter that the everlasting, brooding, compelling God-thought of the universe is actually incorporate in the figure on which we gaze and gaze. We lose all thought of time, or any sense but this of satisfied longing—at last



THE PROPHET JEREMIAH—MICHELANGELO
SISTINE CHAPEL

the utter and complete satisfaction of all longing for one vision of the Perfect Thought incorporate in the Perfect Form.

All else in that morning was but the realisation of this the first knowledge of a new power and strength. Other forms, the crowding forms of that marvellous ceiling, glowed slowly for us from out the faded distance and overpowered us by their tremendous significance and beauty; yet, to the

end of time, that first recognition of the Creating God will be for me the real and greatest Michelangelo.

When the artist was summoned by Pope Julius II to decorate, according to his own ideas, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, he approached the task unwillingly, for while colour and brush meant much to him, the chisel and the marble shaft meant more. And then, if we know anything of the man himself,



EZEKIEL—MICHELANGELO

SISTINE CHAPEL

we must believe that he could not undertake the decoration of these walls—then the centre of the religious life of the day—without feeling that he must throw all of himself into the message to be delivered; and the all of Michelangelo was very great.

His life has been full of no less storm and stress than that through which his country had passed. He had lived to the full every emotion of a period when the old Greek ideals of

freedom and beauty in art were struggling with a dying Romanticism, and when against the voluptuous Florentine culture had arisen the cry of the spirit which Savonarola sent echoing through all Italy, arousing such terror, and alarm, and sobbing cries, that men "passed through the streets breathless, more dead than alive." And Michelangelo, whose youth and early manhood were largely spent an inmate of Lorenzo Medici's household court, had

lived in an atmosphere where loveliness of human form was worshipped as the most excellent thing in life, and where a passionate sense of the beauty of perfect line, muscle, and contour, in the draped or naked form, became part of his very being; while with this feeling for the splendid physical grew a terrible sense of spiritual reality which reached him from the words of Savonarola—two forces which controlled his life ever after, and gave to his art that quality of intensity which grew to a perfect furia of potent strength as life and art became more and more significant to him. Then with these two impulses came another which worked out its great effect upon his art—the desire for Italy's freedom; a desire so passionate that it has been said that every Italian feels "the tramp of marching armies" in his tremendous canvases. All these impulses and forces, so vital to the life of the man, must be read into the work of the Sistine; and more than this, and most vital, an inner sense of Soul, of Destiny, of the dream of the World Beyond penetrating and entering into the glory of the world of Form to use it as the perfect medium for unseen impressions. This dream of Michelangelo at the full fever heat of thirty-three years of age was already a revelation.

The Sistine Chapel is a long, narrow room, one hundred and thirty-two feet in length and forty-four in breadth; the ceiling is a flattened vault with no architectural divisions, the vast framework of pilasters and brackets, and ribbed arches, which divide the space and relegate each group into its appointed place, being a triumph of the painter's and not the sculptor's skill. The whole of this surface is covered with human figures—there are over three hundred in all, and most of them of heroic size—which typify the Creation of the World and its ultimate Redemption through Christ; the underlying theme of the whole ceiling being the anticipation of and preparation for the Christ.

Through the middle of the ceiling

the artist represented a long, narrow space divided into nine compartments which portray "The Separation of Light from Darkness," "The Creation of the Sun and Moon," "The Separation of the Land and Sea," "The Creation of Adam," "The Creation of Eve," "The Fall and Banishment from Paradise," "The Sacrifice of Noah," "The Deluge," and "The Drunkenness of Noah." Of these panels "The Creation of Man" has been chosen for illustration.

Then beneath, and supporting the arches which contain these first acts in the drama of existence, comes a series of glorious nude figures of youths of superb vigour and beauty. "Form Poems," they have been called, "by which the artist would prove that the human body has a language inexhaustible in symbolism." These join in the decorative scheme like living songs of the first joy of life, and taken singly, apart from the artist's purpose, are among the most perfect creations of the whole Renaissance. Little naked children, cherub boys and girls, painted in chiaroscuro to imitate marble, support the columns on which these youths are resting; and below runs the great series of Prophets and Sibyls, colossal figures of wonderful force, instinct with passionate energy, overborne by the tremendous message given them. Greek and Hebrew alike, Pagan Sibyl and inspired Prophets, Michelangelo strikes a great note when he discovers in them the same expectance of the coming of ultimate Truth.

Ezekiel is here—who bends forward, the scroll of prophecy in his left hand—Joel, and Isaiah, and Daniel. The prophet Jeremiah, who with Ezekiel is pictured in this article, is of peculiar interest, for in the solemn figure absorbed in the intensity of his hidden vision we are supposed to have the painter's biography of himself. The Pagan seers are women: the Cumean Sibyl, like some primeval giantess in vast age and heroic strength; the Erithraea, who sits turning the pages of the book of the future; and that

loveliest Sibylla Delphica, who gazes out at us with wise yet youthful eyes. Below, in the lunettes, the subjects still bear out the same message of expectation of the coming of Christ; the Brazen Serpent is among them, and the story of David and Goliath, of Esther and Judith, figure with others in the mighty scheme.

So mighty is the whole scheme that it is only when studied face to face, and studied long, that the entire majesty of such art can be realised. No description, no reproduction can disclose the heart of its mysterious beauty.

And yet the secret of this beauty and mystery lies open to the world in the whole Ideal of Michelangelo, which seems to have been embodied in his great desire for Life—Life to the fullest extent of the measure of that

word. The Life of the Soul, of the Spirit, of the Mind, and as guardian of these, as their vehicle and most perfect expression, the Body.

The beautiful, strong, muscular, exultant Body! How this man loved every line and curve and muscle of it! How it expressed for him, and through him, the sweep and purpose and dominance of the Soul!

Is there a lesson here for us to-day who hear the call of Nature as they did in the sun-washed days of Greece, and in the days of the Italian Renaissance? God made this world of ours, yet sent as its Redeemer the perfect Man; Divinity shining through flesh; spirit flashing through form. It is the eternal and redemptive call which comes to us and says: "The body is the tabernacle of the soul: cultivate the joy and purity of the body if you would cherish the life of the Soul!"



THE MESSIAH

BY REV. A. THOMPSON, D.D.



WISDOM! that from God's own mouth proceedest,
Extending far and nigh,
Come to the fainting soul, O Thou that feedest
With manna from on high.
Thine hungering children cry

For Thee, the Bread of Angels, strong and sweet;
O mighty One, make firm their tottering feet,
That on Thy strength rely.

O Adonai! Israel's valiant leader,
Anointed of the Lord,
Against the powers of sin and darkness dreder
Than Michael's flaming sword:
Thy strong, unerring word
That pierces through and through hath filled with terror
The demon's swarming hosts of lust and error,
And earth to heaven restored.

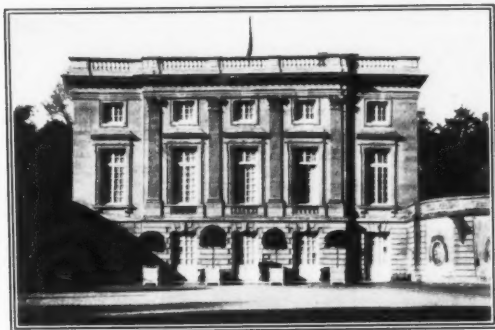
O Root of Jesse! royal stock that springest
From Virgin pure as snow:
A sign from God of truth and love Thou bringest,
A pledge Thou dost bestow
More lasting than the glow
Of burning bush, or Sinai's smoking peak,
When from the cloud of glory Thou didst speak
The law to men below.

O Key of David! Thou that openest wide
The gates of heaven to men;
Nor powers above, nor lords of earth, nor pride
Of hell shall close again.
O hear the glad refrain
Of white-robed myriads marching towards the gleaming
Of new-born light from pearly arches streaming
O'er mountain-peak and plain!

O Dayspring from on high! Thy light hath riven
The blackened pall of night;
And, tinted with the rosy hues of heaven,
The dawn shines fair and bright.
Before Thy holy light
The darkening shadows brooding o'er the land
Are scattered far, nor death nor sin shall stand
Against Thy might.

O King of nations! the desired of ages,
The reign of fear is past;
The empire, long foretold by saints and sages,
Of love is come at last,
Not with the trumpet blast
Of worldly pomp, with gold and purple sheen—
Within the heart-shrine decked with wealth unseen
A nobler throne Thou hast.

Emmanuel! O King, whose law eternal
Disposeth all things well,
From realms unspeakable of light supernal
Unto the depths of hell.
And all Thy glory tell—
The sunbeam's mote, Thy law and power extolling,
And through the vast abyss the planets rolling
The sounding chorus swell.



THE VILLA OF THE PETIT TRIANON

Built by Louis XV for Madame du Barry and frequently employed as a temporary residence by Marie Antoinette

THE PETIT TRIANON

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "*The Pensionnaires*."

VERSAILLES is the state-liest monument to dead pleasures in the world. If the Golden House of Nero had stood, it might have been a rival. But the mind can hardly recall another. Versailles was the pleasure palace of the most insolently luxurious court in history since the fall of the Roman Empire. When the French monarchy was gathering its great strength, it lived at St. Germain and Fontainebleau; but when, drunken with power, it lay with its foolish head in the laps of its mistresses, it built for itself the matchless folly of Versailles.

Then when the morning of feeble contrition came, and the unkingly Louis XVI was asked to pay the debts of his ancestors, he took refuge in a far-away corner of his park, and with his queen, Marie Antoinette, gave a touch of sympathetic interest to the gardens of the Petit Trianon. It is a pity that so many tourists feel that they can give no more than the

day to Versailles. The Palace can be walked through and the gardens hastily visited, and even the villas of the Trians seen in that time, but one cannot in a hurry and in a crowd catch the spirit of this daintiest and yet most desolate spot in all Versailles. Elsewhere throughout the Palace, which is so large as to suggest a deserted sum-



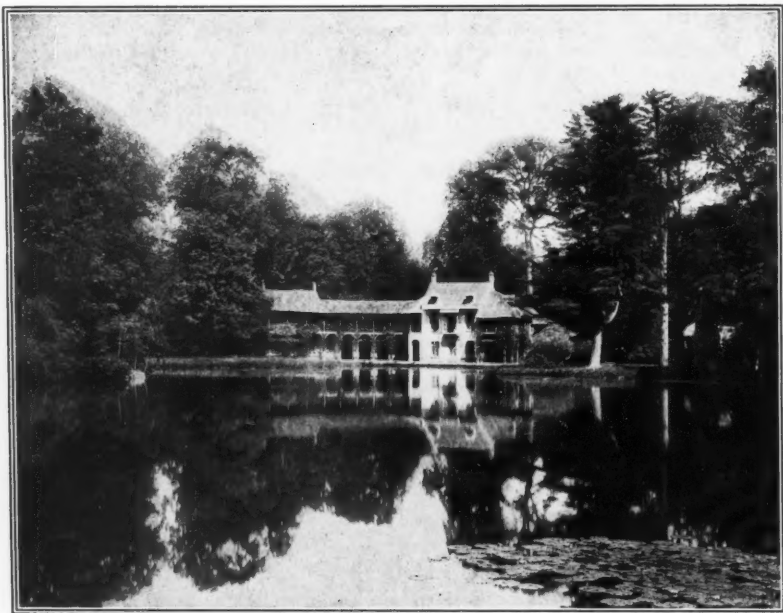
THE TEMPLE OF LOVE

A Classic Pavilion standing in the Gardens of the Petit Trianon not far from the Villa

mer hotel into which someone has moved an art gallery, and throughout the grounds, where marvels of marble colonnade and statuary peep at you everywhere through the trees, one has a sense of nervous activity. It may be the Bosquet de la Reine which recalls the intrigue of the Queen's necklace, or the 'Œil de Bœuf which suggests the stirring days of the Revolution. But here in the gardens of

butcher's wife and the peasant girl found only in riotous extravagance.

The villa of the Petit Trianon is a small building, which suggests the cool architecture of Italy. Within it are still some reminders of the Marie Antoinette who found such relief in fleeing here from the Palace across the park yonder, when the court was full of cowardice and indecision, when the Ministers of the King seemed to have



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S COTTAGES

A Court Rendering of a Thatched Peasant Cottage, where Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and their courtiers played at Peasant Life

the Petit Trianon there is nothing but the spirit of play. And it is not the wickedly wasteful play of which one thinks when remembering the pranks which the gross Louis XV dared for the entertainment of his butcher's wife and his peasant girl; but light, harmless, almost childish play—the play of a Queen to whom it was a novelty and a relaxation to unbend, and who found in simplicity the pleasure which the

no purpose but to thwart her royal will in the matter of expenditure, and when the people were a scowling menace, apparently—to her court-trained mind—intended chiefly to keep petulant Austrian princesses from getting their way. But things which were once used by Marie Antoinette may be found in many a museum. Isolated and ticketed and forlorn, they seem to have lost all aroma of her. The building

is, of course, only a villa, and is not very imposing, either inside or out. But the gardens behind it are places to rest the soul after long hours spent amidst the formal geometrical landscape gardening of Versailles. Here the paths have not been laid out by Euclid; and the Canadian traveller, at all events, is saved that teasing sense of the incongruous which burdens him a trifle at finding magnificent statuary scattered through rough copses in a

better catch the spirit of the wilful Marie Antoinette than from lonely pieces of her furniture standing in open desolation in the villa yonder. Here a perplexed Queen might forget the weight of a crown which had seemed a burden from the first, and play with great light-heartedness under these informal trees.

As for Louis, whom Mark Twain says was always "the female saint," he must have taken great satisfaction



LOUIS' MILL

Here Louis played the Miller and ground Corn, while his People Starved under the Weight of Taxation

haphazard fashion or piled in the basin of a running fountain.

As one takes to the paths of the Petit Trianon, he cannot tell in advance which way they will go. They may skirt a little pond; they may climb a low hill and then turn off in another direction once they are over it; they will split up and challenge you to decide which fork you had rather choose. It is a bit of park, quite in the English fashion; nothing Italian about it but the villa. And here you can far

in pretending to himself that he was usefully employed here, grinding corn like any other miller. The little hamlet where all this imitation of peasant life went on, now stands empty and silent, guarded by a solitary policeman. It is a fair distance from the villa, and the gay company which had come over here from the stiff palace parterres to play out their comedy, might have felt themselves a hundred miles away from the circle of the court. The cottages are of the plainest, such



THE DAIRY

A Part of the Toy Peasant Village in the Gardens of the Petit Trianon. Note the natural trees and foliage in all these garden pictures, so unlike the formal Italian gardening of Versailles

as we might find here at an unostentatious summer resort; but they are carefully kept. They were fixing the heavy thatching which roofs them the day we were there. The low windows out of which Marie Antoinette sold her milk to the other villagers were not as ornamental as those of many a village home in France to-day; and no one could accuse the court of being extravagant in the building of this set of play-houses.

Of course, we went over to Louis' mill and looked at the really effective wheel still hanging in the still water of the little lake which borders it, and climbed about the baby building and tried to think how the amiable Louis looked, busy and benevolent with the white dust on his coarse clothes and about his sleek face, happy for once in his life. Near was the village green—not much larger than a good dancing floor—where they had their peasant dances, and doubtless told themselves how happy the peasants must

be with none of the cares of State to perplex them. And all the while, outside this sheltered nursery for grown-ups, men and women were dying of hunger, and St. Antoine was getting ready for its terrible march to Versailles to bring back to starving Paris "the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's little boy."

On the way to the villa from this sylvan scene, we pass, standing alone and empty and open to the autumn weather, a graceful "Temple of Love" after a classic model. There is nothing daintier in all the parks of Versailles. And here in the garden of Petit Trianon, is the one place for such an airy temple of purity to rise under a sky which was accustomed to see a love in which purity had little part. For this play-ground of an honest—if stupid—King and an unstained Queen, is the White Stone amidst all the varie-coloured marbles of Versailles.

It is impossible not to feel a certain respect for this last of the royal couples

of France before the upheaval of the Revolution. It may be that the tragedy which ended their lives forbids us to look upon them with the critical eye we turn upon their predecessors. But there must be something, too, in the facts that surround us. Beside the Petit Trianon is the Grand Trianon which Louis XIV built for one of his mistresses, Madame de Maintenon. Over in front of us wave the trees of the park which is starred all over with stories of intrigue. Yonder in the Palace the guide will show you the apartments of DuBarry and of Pompadour. But here a man and his wife

gathered their friends about them and played for a while at the harmless jest that they had been born peasants instead of princes and nobles. Here we can climb up under a clump of trees and throw ourselves on the clean grass and look with musing eyes at the toy mill and the thatched cottages, and breathe a sweet air without a taint of putridity. It is a place to wish that the inevitable Revolution had caught some one else on the throne of France except a high-strung Austrian Princess and a mild-mannered locksmith who, by great ill-fortune, got into a royal cradle.

TAUNLA, THE DACOIT

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Eye of a God," "Mooswa of the Boundaries," "The Outcast," "Thoroughbreds," etc.



HALF-WAY from Calcutta to Rangoon the white sand nips a pool from the bay of Bengal, and the pool is a harbour. On its southern rim is the town of Kyouk Phyou.

Once this place was a penal settlement, garrisoned by troops; but the jungle fever bit at the soldiers till they died or went away, leaving the life convicts to leaven with villainy the Aracanese dwellers in that land.

And now they were so bad that the Government had put a ban on opium; and because opium was proscribed, everybody used it, and the smugglers thrived. Where opium eaters are, are thieves always; so Taunla Boh, who had grown luxuriantly in the fields of villainy, made Kyouk Phyou his City of Refuge.

The dacoits who stuck to the jungle, and murdered poverty-stricken villagers, were but rudimentary robbers as compared with Taunla. He used to come to the police *thanna* and read on the notice board the rich, juicy reward offered for his apprehension; then he would laugh at the detailed

description of his person, and go down to the bazaar and gamble with men who boasted of how they would like to come face to face with Taunla, the Dacoit Chief.

My impression of Taunla had been quite nebulous up to the time he cast covetous eyes upon the bag of *rupees* I was carrying from the Government treasury. As usual, Taunla had the advantage; he knew what was in the money-sack, while I did not know who was the simple villager in the red-and-green-striped *putsoe* who walked casually behind me.

Dan was waiting at the Government bungalow, and together we proceeded on our way to the Salt Village. From that place we would take a dug-out and go to Minbyn. Dan was stationed with me at Minbyn, and, in the left-handed vernacular of the native, had come by a curious name. I was the Sahib, and he, being my friend, was called the "Friend Sahib."

When we came to a fork in the road, my comrade said, "The tide does not serve till ten o'clock. I will go down to the bazaar, and

be at the Salt Village in an hour or two."

"Have you a gun?" I asked. "They're a pretty bad lot in the bazaar at night."

He hadn't, so I pressed my revolver upon him, saying that for the open road the "Penang Lawyer" I carried would be sufficient. A Penang Lawyer is a heavy-headed walking stick brought from Penang.

As I cut across the corner of a field to the Salt Village road, I observed two men, and instinctively knew that they had been watching me. One wore the red-and-green *putsoe* I had noticed leaving the treasury; whilst his companion's dirty attire betokened the opium slave.

The dusk of evening was graying the white sand that had gleamed like snow all day in the hot sun, and the road to the Salt Village ran through a stretch of jungle that at night was a cavern of darkness. And in this jungle was a village of thieves and murderers—life convicts, most of them.

All this came sharply to my mind as I cut across the stretch of waste land, and, from the corner of my eye watching the two men on the road, I tried to time my movements so as to fall in behind them; but they loitered along, talking and laughing, and checkmated me in this move.

Coming to the road, they were behind me; as I pushed on they quickened their pace, closing up. It was a dacoit plant, I reasoned. As we approached the dark passage in the jungle the two behind would give a signal, their comrades in villainy hiding in ambush would spring up, and I would be sandwiched between the two parties.

Having thought out their programme, I improvised a hasty off-set to it. As the natives say, I would "kiss the tiger," which is an Oriental way of taking the bull by the horns.

Gradually my pace slackened, while I keyed my ear to the music their slipping feet made in the yielding sand. When they were quite close I suddenly wheeled about, and at short range asked where they were going.

They started a little at first, but I spoke quietly, and a benevolent smile came to the simple face of the man in red-and-green, and he answered, in a soft Burmese voice, "*Salaam, Sahib!* your slaves are going to the Salt Village."

"Then carry this bag of rupees for me," I commanded; "it is heavy."

The benevolent smile was put to flight by a stare of astonishment, shrouded in a look of obstinacy.

"We are going to the Jungle Village first, Sahib," he objected.

I had worked to within striking distance of the two innocents, casually elevating my "Penang Lawyer" to the proper altitude for a downward stroke sufficient to crack an ordinary skull.

With my left hand I tendered the bag of rupees, accompanied by a few words of advice.

"Carry this," I said. "Now give me your *dah*. Fall in in front of me—there, that's the way now; so; I'll take hold of both your *putsoes* and if you make a suspicious move, or call to any one, I'll crack your heads with this heavy stick. Now march!"

There was a faint movement of rebellion from the opium eater, but the man in red-and-green muttered something, and the two started forward.

I saw at once I had to do with men who had "done time"; they had the unmistakable walk of legs wide apart in the step, that comes from carrying the jail shackles, the chain that runs from waist to ankles. And Red-and-green's ready acceptance of the situation marked him as a leader, knowing the value of discipline.

Under the circumstances I had made the best arrangement possible, but my plan might miscarry. The cool acquiescence of the leader somehow filled me with misgiving; and something in his steady, fierce eye suggested unholy retaliation if he got the upper hand.

Past a little white pagoda we went, on through the mango grove and, as we dipped down into the flat lands between rice fields, we came to the dark bit of jungle.

"Go slow," I said, speaking low; "and do not even call like a night bird, nor speak at all."

It was a close hazard—almost an even chance. If they broke from me I might bring one down—I could not hope to wing both of them. After all there might be no ambush; just that these had meant to rob me.

Slow-going in the sand of the road, our feet hardly whispered on the thick night air. Once I heard the "klonk-klonk" of the coppersmith bird from near the jungle village which was off the road.

"*Chup!*" (silence) I hissed in a whisper. The bird call might be a signal.

My men answered nothing; and straining my eyes till they ached from the tense concentration, I clung closer and closer to the two, and step by step we ate at the stretch of danger which was the dark going that reached beyond the village of thieves. Once a Burmese voice spoke from amongst the trees as we passed, but as nothing answered from the road, it spoke not again.

I drew a breath of relief as we slipped to the open road under the bright, star-lighted sky, and in half an hour I was at the Government bungalow in the Salt Village. My man, Emir Alli, was waiting on the verandah. As he took the bag of rupees from the Burman's hand I saw him start.

I gave the two men a rupee each for their involuntary service, and they slipped quietly, like grey shadows, into the night, and were gone.

"Where did the Sahib find Taunla?" Emir Alli asked.

"Taunla!" I ejaculated, I fear almost in horror; "Taunla the Dacoit, do you mean, Emir Alli?"

"Yes, Sahib, I am sure that was Taunla. Surely Allah is great to have kept Taunla's evil hand at his side."

"Why didn't you speak in time?" I asked; "we might have captured the cut-throat—there's a big reward for the dacoit."

"I wasn't sure, Sahib; and if it was Taunla, we could not have taken him—he was watching like a tiger. Also is my family in the village, and if I fought with Taunla, they would all be killed by his men."

At nine o'clock Dan came with the other part of the happening engraved in lines of excitement upon his face.

"What is the matter?" I asked, when he thrust himself from the outer darkness upon us with the bustle of a man who has participated in a riot.

"Matter!" he gasped. "I was all but murdered. As I came stumbling along that dark bit of road near the jungle village, I blundered into a hornet's nest. Suddenly a man popped up in front, and I heard, or saw—I don't know which—the sweep of his *dah*, as he made a cut at me. I hadn't time to draw the pistol, but struck out with my fist. I landed, too, good and hard on his jaw, and he went down like a shot. Jehannum broke loose at once—the jungle was full of natives. They rushed me in a body, I suppose—I hardly know what happened—but I was on my back. I thought it was a plant against some rich native, and called out I was a sahib. Then old Rathu—I knew his voice—cried out to the others, 'It's the Friend Sahib; let him go!' The thieves were searching for loot—evidently they had got the wrong man."

I explained the situation to Dan as I understood it now. Taunla had planned to give the village thieves a signal as he was bringing the man with the rupees. Evidently I had come through earlier than expected, and Dan had fallen into the ambush.

"But why did not Taunla go back and tell Rathu the robbery was off?" my comrade asked.

"Taunla was afraid I would tell the Sahib he was a dacoit, and ran to the jungle," declared Emir Alli.

The flood tide was now running.

"Go to the fishing village, Emir Alli," I said, "and have the Headman send a dug-out and men to put us up the creek to Aung."

Emir Alli soon returned, and pres-

ently we heard a voice from the little salt pier calling, "*Thakine! Ho-o Thakine!*" It was the canoe-men, and we hurried down to the water.

Gingerly Dan took his place in the unstable craft, facing the bow paddler. As I followed, cautiously crouching with my back to the paddler in the stern, Emir Alli touched me on the shoulder and said, "Turn around, Sahib."

"Why?" I queried, for it was unusual to sit facing backward in a dug-out.

"It will rain, Sahib, and the wet will be in your face."

The moon smiled in mockery at the improbability of my servant's reason; but he pinched my arm as he spoke, and without further question I turned toward the steersman.

I had carelessly dropped my big revolver in the centre of the canoe; and as Emir squatted between Dan and myself, he took the pistol from its holster, passed it to me, and said: "Keep the little gun in your lap, Sahib, so it won't get wet; and give me the bag of rupees here, for fear they fall into the creek."

Mechanically I complied. I was accustomed to have Emir arrange minor matters for me, but I was puzzling over why I should ride backwards in a canoe for seven miles. The rain story was pure fudge, for it was bright moonlight. The pinch on my arm meant something, but what?

To the groaning scrape of the steersman's paddle as he swept it along the gunwale of the dug-out, I pondered over my narrow escape from the dacoit's plot.

I was presently brought out of my reverie by Emir Alli's voice asking sharply of the Burman, "Where are you going?"

"What is it?" I queried.

"They are going the short cut," Emir Alli answered; "the tide is still low, and the mud bank will be bare."

The paddler in the stern answered angrily, intimating that Emir Alli, a Bengali fool, had come of parents that were of no nationality at all. But per-

sonal abuse counts for little with Orientals, and my servant ignored it, confining himself to the real point at issue, that we should be stuck high and dry if we went by the small creek.

The boatman was obdurate—did he not know the way to Aung; and had he not floated on those tides when Emir Alli was still with his animal parents?

Emir appealed to me, saying, "Don't let him go that way, Sahib."

Of the extent of the boatman's creek knowledge I was ignorant, but Emir Alli knew the way well, and his interests were my interests. So I commanded the Burman to keep to the big creek, and assured him that his loud voice made my head ache; therefore he must talk less and paddle more.

Also Emir Alli had touched me again, telegraphically, in the back with his elbow, so I uttered this command in a manner that compelled compliance.

We came to Aung peacefully enough after that; I paid the boatmen as they still sat in the dug-out; they turned the log craft about, and, hugging the shore to escape the current, paddled away in the moonlight.

Our ponies were waiting to carry us to Minbyn, eight miles. As we rode along I said to Emir Alli, jogging a foot at my stirrup, "Why did the boatmen go back against the tide? I never saw these lazy beggars do that before."

"Perhaps Taunla was afraid, Sahib."

"Taunla! Taunla again, Emir? And again you did not tell me?"

"I wasn't sure, Sahib, but I think it was Taunla."

"I don't," I answered. "This man was dressed like a boatman, and the other rascal had a fine *putsoe*."

"That is Taunla's way, Sahib; he changes his clothes like the tree lizard that is one minute green, and the next brown, and sometimes white—only Taunla's eye, that is like the tiger's, is always the same. That is why I thought it was the dacoit—only he has that evil eye. If the Sahib had sat with his back to Taunla, the dacoit would have killed him with his *dah*

when we came to the place of little water."

"You should have told me," I said again.

"The dacoit would have heard, and would have killed my family and me too."

"Well, we outwitted him anyway," said, "and it's the duty of the police to capture dacoits, not mine."

"Yes, Sahib, Taunla has gone back to be with the opium eaters at Kyouk Phyou. Allah was good to your honour this time; and the next time you go to Kyouk Phyou, Sahib, you must watch, and come by the road only in the daytime, for it is said here in Aracan that if Taunla casts his evil eye upon the rupees of any one, like a tiger he will never give up the stalk until he has come by them."

Half a mile short of Minbyn, as we passed the police station, the little bungalow was as silent in the gloom of a big cottonwood as a pagoda.

"The black police are of little use," Emir Alli said; "they sleep like opium eaters. One time Taunla came in the night to this *thanna*, and stole the guns, as the four police slumbered, even as they do now. Then for fear it would be known to the Captain Sahib, they sent a hundred rupees to the dacoit, and he sent back their guns."

In my bungalow I had no safe beyond a tin cash box; and in this I placed the bag of rupees, congratulating myself that it was not then in the hands of the dacoit. The money had been brought up to pay the coolies, and would not be in hand more than a day or two. In the day the servants were responsible, and at night I slept in the room with the cash box and its contents.

Next day my Burmese cook came to me and asked for his month's pay, with the usual Oriental reason that his mother was dead. I opened the cash box and paid him from the bag.

Glancing up suddenly as I counted the rupees, a covetous look in his sinister eyes gave me a start. The cook's small, red-and-yellow streaked

eyes were wolfish—articulate with unholy desire for the silver wealth—for the half of which he would willingly commit murder, I had no doubt.

When he had gone I placed the bag of money in my trunk, knowing that if I had read his thoughts aright, and he were a Burmese thief, he would have many keys, and might find occasion to open my box.

Even as I finished the transfer I laughed at my own over-cautiousness. For two years I had had money off and on in just the same way and nothing ever happened—the affair with Taunla had probably got upon my nerves.

That night Dan came to my bungalow after dinner for a talk over our cheroots. As we sat in the big arm chairs on the verandah, I was strangely drowsy.

"By Jove! old chap, don't go to sleep," came from Dan presently, in a tone of remonstrance.

I smiled apologetically to myself in the dim light.

"I do feel deuced sleepy," I answered; "up so late last night, I suppose."

"Your liver, old man," Dan retorted. "Better take some quinine, and turn in. I'll clear out. Suppose we'll pay the coolies to-morrow?"

"Good-night," I answered.

Dan's voice had sounded far away. On the western shore of our island the heavy breakers were sending their booming roar through the jungle, and my comrade's voice seemed to melt in their sonorous wail.

"By Jove—I'm—I'm in—for some—thing!" I muttered, for I lifted a load of many tons as I struggled from the chair.

From the leaf roof just above a tuck-taw lizard droned drearily, "Tucktaw, tucktaw-w-w!" winding up with his sneering drawl, "aw-w-w!"

Had Dan called? My senses were poppy shrouded. My eyelids clung to each other, and I lifted them with pain. I reeled; my feet were encased in leaden boots; heavy manacles bound my limbs; my shoulders swayed

drunkenly. "Dan! Dan! see here, old chap! Yes, he must have spoken—it was his voice."

I clutched at the bamboo wall, and slipped down, down. There was something soothing in giving over the struggle, and I laughed idiotically as I swayed for a second on my knees.

Was I in bed—where—? Then came oblivion. This lasted for hours.

"Dan — Dan!" (somebody had fallen over me). "Dan, old man!" Then I laughed. "I say, I thought you'd gone home."

Indistinctly I could hear him running down the steps of the bungalow, and with a silly laugh I called after him, "You're full, Dan—have you been hitting my bottle?"

A laugh came back out of the dark. I struggled to my feet. What was I doing there, sleeping in the doorway?

I shambled to the bed, throwing myself upon it, dressed as I was.

Emir Alli's voice woke me, calling me to breakfast.

Instinctively I looked for my cash box. It was gone! The little table upon which it had rested was bare.

"I've been robbed!" I said to Emir Alli; "the box is gone!"

The servant stood thinking for a minute.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed. "It is as they say of Taunla, 'once he sees the silver he never gives up.'"

"Give the Friend Sahib my salaams, and ask him to come quick," I commanded.

Dan laughed when I asked him if he had fallen over me in the night, for I could remember it like a dream.

"Somebody drugged you," he said.

"The cook did that," I declared.

"But Taunla took the rupees," said Emir Alli.

"The *budmash* got them at last," muttered Dan, half in admiration for the villain's persistence.

"Hardly," I retorted.

"It looks like it," said Dan, nodding toward the empty table.

I unlocked my trunk, and my friend smiled in approbation when he saw the silver still safe.

"But also, old man, I am seven kinds of a long-eared goat, for I did this unwise thing. Because of the cook's thief eyes, I put the rupees here, thinking he might find a key for the box. But in it were papers more valuable to me than this bag of coin—a gold watch, a couple of one hundred rupee notes, and other belongings."

"He can't do anything with the notes," Dan declared.

"No, he can't. Nobody will take them unless he signs them, and he'll hardly do that."

"The cook is at the bottom of it," my friend declared, "and we'd better nab him and search his box."

"Don't do that, Sahib," pleaded Emir Alli. "Taunla will have everything, and you will find nothing. Don't let the cook know that you suspect him, but set a man to watch."

There was a consolation in realising that the persistent dacoit had so far made little gain to himself, though the loss of the papers would practically nullify six months' toil.

"We must have the police sergeant start his men after Taunla," I exclaimed.

But again Emir Alli objected. "The black police will not catch Taunla, and you will not get the papers back, Sahib. Let it be known that you will give a reward for your box; let the cook know this, then wait, Sahib; something will happen."

To have said nothing to the cook would have aroused his suspicion as effectually as charging him with the theft; he would have surmised that he was being watched secretly.

When summoned before us, he, of course, protested ignorance—he was a poor man that went to his family in the village at night, sometimes, and even last night he had been away. There were opium smokers all about, and some of them had done this wicked thing. Did he not eat the salt of my giving? Therefore, how could he think of stealing the good sahib's rupees?

It seemed positively wicked to disbelieve so holy a man—one so full of

allegiance. He must help us to catch the thief. Even if he got back but the papers, there would be for him, worthy cook, a hundred rupees. If I would grant him leave he would try to find the debased children of unrighteous mothers who had looted me.

The Friend Sahib opined that we must shadow the cook, but Emir Alli said, "No. In the jungle the wicked eye of Taunla reaches two *koss*, while the sahib's reaches one. If you follow the cook we will come by nothing. Let him go, and wait."

That day we saw nothing, nor heard anything. The next day a note written in Burmese was brought to me. It was from Taunla, and stated that if I would go alone at midnight to the Temple Hill I would hear the call of the king pigeon. If I answered, it would call again, and so going, answering and listening, I would come to one who would give me the stolen box, with its contents, in exchange for two hundred rupees. If I did not come alone, I would not hear the bird call, and would see nothing. Also if the black police came with me they would attain to Nirvana, for most undoubtedly they would be shot.

"He's a cool chap," Dan volunteered when I had finished reading the note.

"Can't we hide at the temple, Emir Alli," I asked, "and bag this cheeky sweep?"

"No, Sahib," my servant answered, "there will be spies watching the road to the pagoda. But this is the way, Sahib. Taunla is not a jungle dweller; even now he will be at some village. The villagers would not dare to speak of his being with them; also he will give them opium. The hill where are the cave temples is two hours from here, and one hour from there is the village of Mybo, and that is the home of the cook. Therefore Taunla will be at Mybo."

"We would better go right away and take him," I cried eagerly.

"No, Sahib. Taunla will come to the temple to-night. I will ask of the cook about the path to the cave hill,

and he will think you are going there. Then to-night we will all go to sleep, and the cook will go away to his village and tell Taunla. When it is near midnight, we will take the police and go by another road to Mybo, and wait in the jungle till Taunla is going back to the village."

That night we followed out Emir Alli's plan, and about eleven o'clock slipped from our bungalow so quietly that no one knew. In two hours of the jungle path Emir Alli stopped us; we were near to the big rice fields, now in stubble, that lay between us and Mybo. There were two paths from the rendezvous the dacoit had named, and we split our forces. Dan and two police would guard one, while Emir Alli, a Punjabi policeman and I myself watched the other.

Once I had suggested to Emir Alli that we wait in the village for the dacoit's home-coming, but he answered that the pariah dogs would do nothing but howl while we were there, because of their dread of the sahibs, and Taunla would know.

We took our places just a little in the jungle, and waited quietly beside the footpath.

"Taunla would wait an hour at the Temple for the Sahib," Emir Alli said; "then he will sleep a little in the jungle, and will come to Mybo at daylight. He will not come in the dark for fear of a trap. He will watch the village from the edge of the jungle for an hour, and will know, because of the dogs and whether the children are at play, if there is a sahib there in hiding."

In spite of my servant's reasoning, we sat through the hours of darkness alert, rifles in hand.

All the dwellers of the jungle discovered our presence. Incessant, stealthy noises came to my ear as I sat cramped and uncomfortable. Creep, creep, creep, the stealing footstep of some curious animal, then a startled gasp, a scurry through the leaves burned to crispness by the hot days of the dry time, as a jackal or a barking deer or a wild boar, or perhaps even a

cheetah, fled in haste from the disconcerting discovery of the presence of humans.

My watch was the experience of Tantalus; the biting red ants foraged up my legs; the small green flies, that scorch where they touch, sought to home in my eyes and ears; and all the time the ever-present thought of a cobra or his silent, vicious compatriot, the red-eyed kharite, might seek the comforting warmth of my body as I lay, wedded to stillness, in his jungle home. The stalking of Taunla was undesirable sport.

Gradually through the thick jungle crept a warning of approaching light. The darkness seemed to vibrate tremblingly as if it gathered its black skirts for flight. A jungle cock sent forth his shrill clarion three times, and from a tall cottonwood a hornbill screeched back harshly.

Suddenly turmoil came to us from Dan's station; there were cries of disorder, a policeman's challenge, a ringing shot. We sprang to our feet.

"Taunla!" Emir Alli ejaculated. "Come quickly, Sahib!" And down the jungle path we sped with swiftness.

For a hundred yards I raced at Emir Alli's heels, when, suddenly taking a sharp kink that was in the footpath, we smashed into the forms of men running in the opposite direction.

The collision was fierce—Emir Alli was swept to one side like a reed, and something of weight crashed into me, carrying me to earth, and hurling my gun ten feet into the jungle. The something was my own cash box.

Springing to my feet, I saw the upward cut of a *dah*, and just in time Emir Alli threw himself like a tiger upon the man.

The Punjabi went down in a crumbled heap from a cut over the head. I saw his assailant was Taunla.

Then without looking back, with no word of regret to the fallen Punjabi, the nimble dacoit sped toward the village.

I followed, pulling my revolver from the holster as I ran, and shouting back to Emir Alli, "Stay with the cash box!" On by the winding path,

catching tantalising glimpses of the robber, past where he had rested through the night, out from the forest cover into a thicket of elephant grass and swamp bush I chased.

Taunla was heading for the paddy-fields, and inwardly I surmised that I had him. I could outrun any Burman in the open, I knew. Taunla's gun, like my own, had tumbled in the collision, and my revolver was more than a match for his *dah*.

Almost cheerfully I swung along, letting Taunla race a little to the front, nursing my speed for the half mile of open course that was the paddy-fields.

Taunla had switched to the right; I caught glimpses of his brilliant *putsoe* flickering through the thick bushes. Why was he not heading for the village, which was to the left?

Presently this little eccentricity of the dacoit's was explained to me. The path we followed ran through a mire, thick bushes on either side, and tortuous as a corkscrew.

As I took one of the sharp turns, my eyes straight ahead in quest of the fleeing one, my legs struck into something that moved ponderously upward. And because of this impediment I dove head first into the mud and water.

As I scrambled to my feet I saw it was a water buffalo. Pig-like in his habits, he had been sleeping in the cooling mud. Other huge elephantine forms were looming all about me, uttering plaintive little grunts of disapprobation.

Twenty yards farther and I shot suddenly out into the paddy-fields, only to see, with a thrill of dismay, a rim of buffalo, standing fan-like, their heads toward me. And beyond, having slipped through between them, the figure of Taunla, his brown eyes twinkling derisively as they carried him over the tawny field of cropped rice straw.

The situation flashed upon me with instantaneous brevity. These half-wild creatures, familiar with the natives, had taken no notice of the Burman, but the scent of the white man was as the scent of a tiger in their nostrils.

Behind me from the marsh the buffalo were coming in another solid body. Well I knew that little squeal that was of anger and meant danger.

As I stood for an instant, irresolute, not knowing which way to turn, the mocking voice of Taunla carried back to me on the still morning air, crying, "*Chico, Thakine!*" (My regards, your Honour).

I did not answer him; I had more pressing business in hand. If I faltered, if I ran, I should be overtaken, and the long, needle-pointed horns would pierce me like the thrust of many spears. To stand my ground was but putting off the moment of destruction. Not even the jungle king, the tiger, faces a water buffalo when he is aroused.

The bulls were pawing the earth, shaking their heads, and their small, vicious pig-eyes flashed lurid and red in angry distrust. There was one possible chance of escape—if I could break the line. Their hostility had its origin in fear—fear of the strange creature, the white man with his unfamiliar scent. It was a great hazard, but the only chance remaining; in two seconds it might be too late—the line of buffalo coming up from the swamp was not fifty feet away.

Taking my big white hat in my left hand, I swung it about my head, and

firing my revolver and yelling like an Indian, I charged back at the mob of buffalo fringing the swamp.

For a second the line held; then the buffalo in the centre wavered, snorted and swerved sideways; the others gave way, and a stampede began. Like two great wings, the mud-plastered brutes swept by me, breaking into a run, and thundered over the paddy-fields, their huge hoofs beating the sun-burned earth until the air palpitated with the sound as of drums.

Even Taunla might be ground to powder in that rush if once overtaken. Breathless, I stood watching the blue-black line, an undulating engine of death, sweeping resistlessly onward, behind the clever *budmash* that had led me to their favourite haunt, knowing that they would take me in hand.

Then I turned and hastened back toward the scene of the meeting in the narrow path. I found Dan and his party there, and, in custody, the cook. It was he, hastening from the village in the early dawn, that had started the uproar in their camp.

And Emir Alli and my Punjabi had captured Taunla's companion. The morning's *shikarri* had netted us the cook, a dacoit, and my papers recovered without ransom.

Taunla had escaped.



SEA-DRIFT

BY INGLIS MORSE

OFt have I wandered by the sea
While the stars rose o'er the night,
And my soul caught up the song
Of the years that rolled in flight.
Then from afar o'er the Sea of Time
Come the drift of weed and shell,
And a thousand mystic memories
Born of the sea-waves' spell.

ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

VI—POETRY OF THE CITY. NEW
YORK NOCTURNES. EROTIC
POEMS. THE ROSE OF LIFE.
CONCLUSION



IN 1896, or thereabouts, Mr. Roberts resigned his Professor's chair at King's College, Nova Scotia, and went to New York to push his literary career there. Years before, indeed, in one of his poems, "The Poet Bidden to Manhattan Island," he had hinted he might have to leave a country which was too poor to pay its authors, at least its poets, suitably:

You've piped at home, where none could pay,
Till now, I trust, your wits are riper.
Make no delay, but come this way,
And pipe for them that pay the piper!

Possibly the reasons for the migration of our Canadian poet lay deeper. In a more tranquil age he might have been content to go on writing Canadian lyrics and idylls and drawing the modest academic salary; and who knows but some day that ardent, aspiring genius of his which has tried so many forms might at last have found a supreme one and produced an immortal song? But the fever of the time has got into the blood of our literary men. The immense, cheap successes of the popular novel and play and the opulence of the successful journalist in the great cities have unsettled them. They seek the support of professional circles and syndicates, of patriotic associations and popular fashions; above all, they seek the support of an atmosphere which has a certain stimulating effect on their faculties, mainly in the direction, I think, of forcing a more rapid adjustment of their powers to the calls of the day and the hour. Spenser might write his great ideal song in the Irish wilds of Kilcolman, but our characteristic modern works with their near

actuality of theme, the poetry of Henry, the comedies and literary criticism of Howells, the stories of Harding, come from men who breathe the atmosphere of our great cities. Their writings reflect the quickly passing spirit of the time, often of the hour, in which they live, and their material is of a raw kind, hard to transform into the highest moulds of art, because it consists of types and a social environment which they can hardly yet feel, any more than Jane Austen did in her novels, in their full and pathetic significance. Even Thackeray's strongest figures, his Colonel Newcomes and Rawdon Crawleys and his wonderful journalists, were reminiscences with a soft shading of the past about them, rather than mere transcripts of the passing day. But that is by the way, though it is not without its bearing on the new "poetry of the city" which Mr. Arthur Symonds declares is the true form of poetry "which professes to be modern."

Mr. Roberts did not use to have so high an opinion of the "heedless throngs and traffic of cities" as he describes them in one of his poems, but like every one else he feels the set of the tide in these days. Accordingly his *New York Nocturnes*, the latest of the collections in this one volume edition, is a contribution to this "poetry of the city."

The romance of New York at night, the nocturnal brilliancy of its lighted pavements, the endless tide of movement, the fascinating privacy of its crowds, Mr. Roberts has come to think that there is poetry there as well as in the vale of Tempe and Canadian forest clearings. So there is, though the characteristic quality and aroma of it may be another matter. He does not, however, attempt to treat the subject with the breadth and boldness

of Mr. Henley's *London Voluntaries*, where the English poet struggles hard to render in the freest and most adaptable form of verse the elemental vigour and movement of city life,

This insolent and comely stream
Of appetite, this freshet of desire.

Mr. Roberts does, however, give us some vivid impressionistic pictures of city phenomena at night:

Above the vanishing faces
A phantom train fares on
With a voice that shakes the shadows,—
Diminishes, and is gone.

But there is less of this kind of work in the *New York Nocturnes* than one might have expected from a hand so deft with the impressionistic brush in other regions. The fact is, that in these poems the poet has begun to gravitate in another direction, towards the sentimental and erotic poetry of the Rossetti school. That is the form in which he now seeks to escape from the moral commonplace which holds us all in its clutches. The roar of Broadway at night, the thunder of the elevated railway and the glare of light at the railway station, are but the environment of "Me and Thee," of a passion that expresses itself with all the warm abandonment of the poet of the Religion of Beauty:

The street is full of lights and cries,
The crowd but brings thee close to me.
Only hear thy low replies;
I only see thine eyes.

That is an epitome of the *New York Nocturnes*. It is a new Laura, whose phantom-like existence in the background of these poems is the artistic support for the poet's fancy, a Laura not enshrined as once by the running streams and woods, and the *aer sacro sereno* of Valclusa, but met amidst the hurrying throngs of Sixth Avenue or trysting at the New York Central Station.

The poetry of *New York Nocturnes* marks the beginning of a change in Mr. Roberts which amounts almost to an entire transformation of his literary or poetic ideals. One whole phase of his poetic career has come to an end, and he is to live, at any rate he is to write,

less under those old influences which emanated from Rydal Mount and Concord and other sacred seats of the Muses, and more under those of our new literary, democratic Bohemia represented by poets like Mr. Henley, who sings of London crowds, and has transferred Pan from Mount Mænalus to Piccadilly. The poetry of *Actæon* and the *Sonnet Sequence* and *The Book of the Native* belonged essentially in its spirit and its form to the great orthodox traditional schools of the nineteenth century. It had all the reverence and decorum of priestly and prophetic utterance, it was full of chaste reticence and high conventions. The new poetry of the *Nocturnes* and *The Rose of Life* is the poetry of an age which is filled with the desire of life and eager to gratify every sense, an age which has given up the pale doctrine of self-suppression. It was only the other day Mr. Swinburne was singing its song of triumph in *Harper's Monthly*, and congratulating it on having escaped from the shadow of that dread God of the Hebrews:

The dark old God who had slain him grew
One with the Christ he slew,
And poison was rank in the grain that with
Growth of his Gospel grew.
And the blackness of darkness brightened,
And red in the heart of the flame,
Shone down as a blessing that lightened,
The curse of a new God's name.
Through centuries of burning and trembling
Belief as a signal it shone
Till man, soul sick of dissembling, bade fear
And her frauds begone.

The song of the day of thy fury when nature
And death shall quail,
Rings now as the thunders of Jewry, the ghost
Of a dead world's tale.

That way of looking at the history of mankind, through the blood-shot eyes of a Mænad, one might say, is surely not a very wise one. If the white man's civilisation means anything we can be proud of, it means that he has not only kept clear of deifying the orgiastic instinct in human nature, but that on the whole he has not imposed greater restrictions on his life than were good for him at the time, or used stronger sanctions than were necessary to enforce them. So far as

he tended in the past to raise altars either to Moloch or to the Pandemian Venus, it was the worship of the "dark old God of the Hebrews" mainly that suppressed the tendency. The temporary tyranny of sects and hierarchies has little to do with the fundamental aspects of the matter. You cannot read man's history profitably as that of a nigger escaped from the lash, nor celebrate it wisely with Phrygian timbrels; no, not even if you have the ear of an Apollo for lyrical melody.



Naturally one of the notes to make itself more clearly heard in the new poetry is the erotic one which Rossetti, then singing in the colder atmosphere of another generation, introduced, in a delicate, mystic Dantean form, into English poetry. This is the dominant note in Roberts' latest volume, *The Rose of Life*. The erotic poetry of that volume has something of the delicate reserve which characterises the vein of Rossetti, and it combines, in much the same way as he does, æsthetic self-abandonment with the mystic idealism of the *Vita Nuova*. To look on the beloved one is to understand the secret of the universe, "the meaning of all things that are." * Mr. Roberts makes use of this sentiment with characteristic vigour:

The world becomes a little thing;
Art, travel, music, men
And all that these can ever give
Are, in her brow's white ken.

Sometimes, indeed, he uses it with more vigour than delicacy:

How little I knew, when I first saw you,
And your eyes for a moment questioned mine,
It amounted to this—that the dawn and the dew,
The midnight's dark and the midmoon's shine,
The awe of the silent, soaring peak,
The harebell's hue and the cloud in the blue,
And all the beauty I sing and seek,
Would come to mean—just you!

There is something of the recklessness of the *improvisatore* in that assembly of images.

* Rossetti; *The House of Life*, Sonnet XXVII.

This mystical element, however, which comes all the way from Dante and the Italian sonneteers of the 14th century, is frequently steeped by the modern poet in a warmer atmosphere of sense-impression than was the custom with the poet of the *Vita Nuova* at least. Roberts' *Altar* has the full red of the erotic chord:

The pulses of your throat
What madness they denote to me,—
Passion, and hunger, and despair,
And ecstasy and prayer to me!

The dark bloom of your flesh
Is as a magic mesh to me,
Wherein our spirits lie ensnared,
Your wild, wild beauty bared to me.

Indeed, there is the same ethical variety or heterogeneity in Roberts' new erotic vein as there is in his other poetry. In the poem which gives its title to this volume, *The Rose of Life*, the sentiment has the peculiar bitter savour which you find in Beaudelaire or Swinburne.

The *Rose* asks "Why am I sad?" that is, what is the meaning of this infinite sadness and subtlety in *Desire*? And a Wind, "older than Time" and "wiser than Sleep," replies:

The cries of a thousand lovers,
A thousand slain,
The tears of all the forgotten
Who kissed in vain,
And the journeying years that have vanished
Have left on you
The witness, each, of its pain,
Ancient, yet new.
So many lives you have lived;
So many a star
Hath veered in the signs to make you
The wonder you are!
And this is the price of your beauty:
Your wild soul is thronged
With the phantoms of joy unfulfilled
That beauty hath wronged,
With the pangs of all secret betrayals,
The ghosts of desire,
The bite of old flame, and the chill
Of the ashes of fire.

Something of the livid vein of Beaudelaire has begun to tinge the bright red of Rossetti there. There is a perceptible odour of those poison-flowers of the French poet which bloom only in charnel-houses and have the scent of death about them. The poem

would read impressively as a characterisation of some type of beauty like Swinburne's *Faustine*. There is a kinship in the thought of the two poems as well as in certain subtleties of style and rhythm:

For in the time we know not of
Did fate begin
Weaving the web of days that wove
Your doom, Faustine?



The poetry of Roberts' last volume seems to take us a long way from the poet of "The Songs of the Common Day" and "The Book of the Native," with their sober Wordsworthian tones and pious sublimities. But we need not mistake. It is only a canter which Roberts, the artist, is taking into that region of

Fierce loves and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,
No doubt, the change of note denotes some change of intellectual centre in the artist's life and some liberation of sentiment due to a change in his circumstances. But the very variety of ethical tone in Roberts shows how much poetry is to him a matter of art, rather than the deep, essential distillation of his life, the concentrated essence of it from which everything secondary and derivative is excluded as valueless. The title of one of his volumes, "In Divers Tones," might be written over them all. The moral impulse toward song which is so pure and unisonant in the poetry of a Longfellow and a Wordsworth, for example, and for that matter in a Rossetti and Beaudelaire also, is capable of assuming any shape in Roberts with the greatest facility. Sometimes it is a Wordsworthian moral that inspires him as in the sonnet, *Where the Cattle Come to Drink*:

A lesson of the calm of humble creed,
The simple dignity of common toil
And the plain wisdom of unspoken prayer.

Sometimes it is the call of Tennysonian lyrical sentiment and melody:

Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far.

Sometimes it is the blood-red glare of Swinburne's vision and his fiercely urged phrase, as in *Khartoum*:

Set in the fierce red desert for a sword
Drawn and deep-driven implacably! The tide
Of scorching sand that chafes thy landward
side
Storming thy palms.

Sometimes it is Rossetti's imaginative self-abandonment to dream and desire, as in *A Nocturne of Trysting*:
And life and hope and joy seem but a faint
prevision
Of the flower that is thy body and the flame
that is thy soul.

Or it is the solemn, religious strain of *Ascription*:

O thou who hast beneath thy hand.

Or it is a note from Browning, or it is still surviving in his muse, the languor of Keatsian reverie. In this very volume of *The Rose of Life*, filled as it is with subtle perfumes from the poetry of Rossetti and Swinburne, there is also a capital imitation of Kipling's manner in the poem called *The Stranded Ship*, which has all the swing of that master's verse and his healthy feeling for the romance of modern adventure:

No more she mounts the circles from Fundy
to the Horn,
From Cuba to the Cape runs down the tropic
morn,
Explores the Vast Uncharted where great
bergs ride in ranks,
Nor shouts a broad "Ahoy" to the dories on
the Banks.

But that a poet could, even from the point of view of mere art, write poems of such diversity of tone, is a striking illustration of the curious breadth and complexity of the spirit of our time. It is the old story of the Renaissance over again, with its desire to lay hold of every side of life, and that mixture of sentiment which Browning has satirised in the Bishop of St. Praxed's:

That bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and per-
chance
Some tripod, thyrsus, and a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the Mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment
off,
And Moses with the tables.

But our more self-conscious age cannot attain to such breadth without feeling the moral contrarities there are to dispose of.

There are samples, also, of our old friend, the cosmic process in poetry, in this volume, and a psychological poem *On the Upper Deck*, which leaves a somewhat faint impression on the mind as of a Gibson young man and woman playing at poetry and Browning. Some light lyrics in Part II are amongst the best things in the book. *Shepherdess Fair*, for example, covers a fine gravity and truth of feeling under a light play of fancy:

O shepherdess brown, O shepherdess fair,
Where are my flocks you have in care?
My wonderful, white, wide-pasturing sheep
Of dream and desire and tears and sleep,
Many the flocks, but small the care
You give to their keeping, O shepherdess fair!

O shepherdess gay, your flocks have fed
By the iris pool, by the saffron bed,
Till now by noon they have wandered far,
And you have forgotten where they are!

O shepherdess fair, O shepherdess wild,
Full wise are your flocks, but you a child!

You shall not be chid if you let them stray
In your own wild way, in your own child way,
You will call them all back at the close of day.

Large brain and soul, and many-hued web of thought, dream and desire, all in the keeping of sweet and twenty, who is distractingly naive—a fancy worthy of Heine, and set to words which have something of his charm without his bitterness.

As one may see from that last poem, Roberts has a true gift for lyrical verse. Nothing he writes in that way is ever wanting in vigour and natural freedom of movement. He has not the same command of the high and more sedate harmonies of blank verse. That is a great and treacherously smooth sea in which, if he does not quite sink, he soon begins to show a jaded and mechanical action. Monotony, unmeaning emphasis, solemnly factitious pauses, forced rushes of melody, cadences abruptly quenched in the sand-flats of the next line, these are the penalties for him who ventures over-boldly. But in lyrical measures,

and especially in light movements, Roberts' verse has admirable qualities, truth of accent, spontaneity and vigour of movement, the nobler elements in metrical art. He has nothing of the smooth and subtle workmanship which is the pride of the modern æsthetic school. He may at times have a Tennysonian smoothness of effect but it is not a native quality of his verse. It is noticeable, however, that in his last volume the moulds of his verse are fresher and more modern than the old ones which he learned in the school of Tennyson and Longfellow. There is more freedom in the new metrical moulds and a cunning use of iterations and disguised refrains which in such clever hands gives an ear-haunting quality to the verse.

On the whole this new volume shows a certain novelty of tone and treatment and a tendency to introduce more rounded and concrete shapes of life into his poetry which may have considerable significance for the poet's future. Perhaps our best Canadian poets have devoted themselves too much to an almost abstract form of nature poetry which has too little savour of the national life and the national sentiment about it and is more dependent on literary tradition than they seem to be aware of. Mr. Drummond with his *Habitant* idylls is of course a notable exception, and the success they have met with shows what a ready public after all there always is for a true and lively presentation of life. It may be said that the vehicle which he uses, the broken English of Jean Baptiste, can hardly be considered a classical form for the expression of French-Canadian character:

Yes—yes—Pelang, mon cher garçon!
I t'ink of you, t'ink of you, night an' day,
Don't mak' no difference seems to me
How long de tam you was gone away.

After all it is hard for a French-Canadian to get over the fact that the language in which Marie really thinks of her Pelang is not that but something nearer the sweet note of *La Claire Fontaine*. Truly it was a different ideal which that finely cultured

school of French-Canadian writers, Crémazie, Fréchette, Gérin-Lajoie and others, old now or passed away, had formed for the presentation of the *habitant's* life and ways in *Les Soirées Canadiennes* of forty years ago. Prose of Bernardin de Saint Pierre and verse modelled on Lamartine and the early Hugo, where be ye now? Yet a touch of nature is worth all the culture in the world for popular poetry, and one has only to see an Ontario audience listening to Dr. Drummond's simple but effective way of reciting his poems to understand that, for the English Canadian at least, that language has the stamp of reality and carries with it a true suggestion of the *habitant's* life and character. In its way, therefore, it is a living language, and may be classed with the German-English of Hans Breitmann and the Chicago-Irish of Mr. Dooley as an artistic form of one of those new vernaculars which have arisen in the widely spread territories of the Anglo-Saxon race.



The true Canadian poet will be he who manages to get the right materials of Canadian life into his song in such a way that all the world may feel what it is that gives Canada character and significance amongst nations. I do not mean that we need any more heroic odes on Canada, or celebrations of Lundy's Lane or Chrysler's Farm, but rather a kind of poetry which is able to present the vital features of Canadian life in ordinary scenes and incidents which we recognise with pride and tenderness as distinctively national. It all lies in that "pride and tenderness." That has always, of course, been the line of the great popular or national poet, and nothing less popular seems capable of catching the ear of the democracy of our time. It is not absolutely necessary to be dramatic in form in order to do this. The lyric or descriptive poet has many means of doing it. When Burns sings:

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
The wind blows loud frae ower the ferry,

it is only a farewell song, but it twines into itself characteristic threads of Scottish life and some memories which are deep-seated in the hearts of the poet's countrymen. The Scot can see that little boat rocking at the wet steps of the old stone pier and hear that cold northern blast whistling through the rigging of the emigrant brig in the roadstead, and the chances are it minds him of more than one Willie or Tammas that he is not like to see again. At least it meant all that to the Scot of fifty years ago, and something of the power of its appeal remains with us still. But of course it would be vain for the poet of Ontario or Nova Scotia to try and wake those old chords in the same way. It would even be vain for him to use that language and its cadences, or any modification of that "rustic, hamely jingle" of old Scotia which was so powerful an instrument in the hands of Burns. The poetry of that hardy, self-taught Canadian Scot, Alexander McLachlan, for example, is sincerely enough felt. But though his subjects are Canadian pictures of pioneer farming and the like, his peculiarly Scotch strain, with its pathos, its reverence and its radicalism all so distinctively Scotch, does not make any universal appeal to Canadian readers except as the faint echo of an old song. It can never interpret the spirit and character of the modern democracies of to-day. It is too pathetically naive and tender for that, too much burdened with the sense of a past which is no longer a vital element in the Canadian consciousness.

At present, however, Mr. Roberts seems to have no further thoughts of a Canadian idyll, as far as his poetry, at least, is concerned, but to be moving in the different direction of *New York Nocturnes* and Rossetti's *Worship of Beauty*. Bye and bye, I suppose we shall have airs from the *New Mysticism* of Miss Fionna Macleod and the Celtic School. Of course there is poetry enough to be found in any aspect of life. But its true quality will be extracted only by him who seriously de-

votes his life to it. Poetry which is drawn from any lesser depth is necessarily imitative in its type and of secondary value. Roberts, like some other of our contemporary writers, needs a sterner literary conscience and more respect for his public. His work belongs too much to the region of artistic experiment. His constant transformations, too, and the ethical heterogeneity of his work take away something of the impression of sincerity and

depth which true poetry ought to give us, and which some, at least, of Mr. Roberts' poetry is capable of giving us.

But it is much too soon to write *Finis* in any estimate of Mr. Roberts' work. He has the true singing quality; and the want of ethical centre and grasp, which has been his weakness hitherto, is one which the years may mend, perhaps, more easily than anything else.

THE END



A DREAM OF SPRING

BY FLORENCE MACLURE

SPRING lay beneath a maple tree
And roused her from her rest,
The first shy zephyr floating by
Her fair, soft cheek caress'd.

Spring sat beneath the maple tree
And as she sat she smiled,
The little birds came flocking round
By that sweet smile beguiled.

Spring walked beneath the forest trees,
And as she walked she sang
With such a subtle sweetness, that
The flowers to greet her sprang.

Spring sat beside a brooklet gay,
And as she sat she sighed
A sigh of satisfaction great
That thrilled with joyous pride.

Spring lay beneath a maple tree,
No cares her mind distress'd,
The gentlest zephyr floated by
And sang her soul to rest.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR PICTURES.



CAPTURED RUSSIAN GUNS

In the first battle of the war, at the crossing of the Yalu, the Arisaka field guns of the Japanese completely outclassed the Russian artillery. The Japanese guns were also served by gunners who were more efficient by reason of greater skill and training. When that fight was over, many Russian guns remained in the hands of the victors, and it was so in nearly all the engagements of the year. Those shown in this picture were captured in Fort Taikozan. It is evident that the breech-blocks have been destroyed or carried away, although no doubt the systematic Japanese had provided for just such a contingency and were able to turn these guns against their former proprietors. The fortified mountain in the distance is one of many hundreds which the Japanese had to face.

**Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



JAPANESE TRANSPORT WAGGONS

The British Army Transport Waggon is a lumbering affair, but capable of drawing heavy loads on Macadamised roads in good weather. The Japanese went into Corea and Manchuria prepared for a country where there were practically no roads and few bridges. In February they faced the ice-bound roads of Corea; in June they used the sun-baked, clay roads of Manchuria; in July and August, the wet season made the paths channels of mud. This picture shows the light waggons adopted by Japan for this campaign. Each may be pulled by a harnessed ox as they were in Corea, or by a horse as in Manchuria. Each might bear a load of ammunition, telegraph poles, planks for bridges, shelter-tents, or even provender for man and beast.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



WEARY TRANSPORT

The best of armies may not have enough of everything and, though Japan was well prepared for nearly every emergency, occasionally the best of native workmanship had to be used. Here are three-mule transport carts of a heavier, native make. The "home-made" wheels creak on wooden axles and gather a fair share of the sticky mud. And the load? The great-coats of the Mikado's soldiers. The weather is warm, the steady march day after day is tiring, the soldiers drop their great-coats and leave them to be gathered up and brought forward by the transport. Or it may have been a battle, and it may be that there are a few hundreds of the "little brown fellows" who have no further need of great-coats, no further interests in the transport of a great army. Their spirits which may hover over the battlefield or return to the atmosphere of Japan there to watch over the destiny of the family to which they belong and to do further work for the progress of the Empire.

The stone-fence, the high corn in which the armies occasionally secreted themselves, the mud road, the rambling Manchu farm-house in the distance—all these are characteristic of the country.

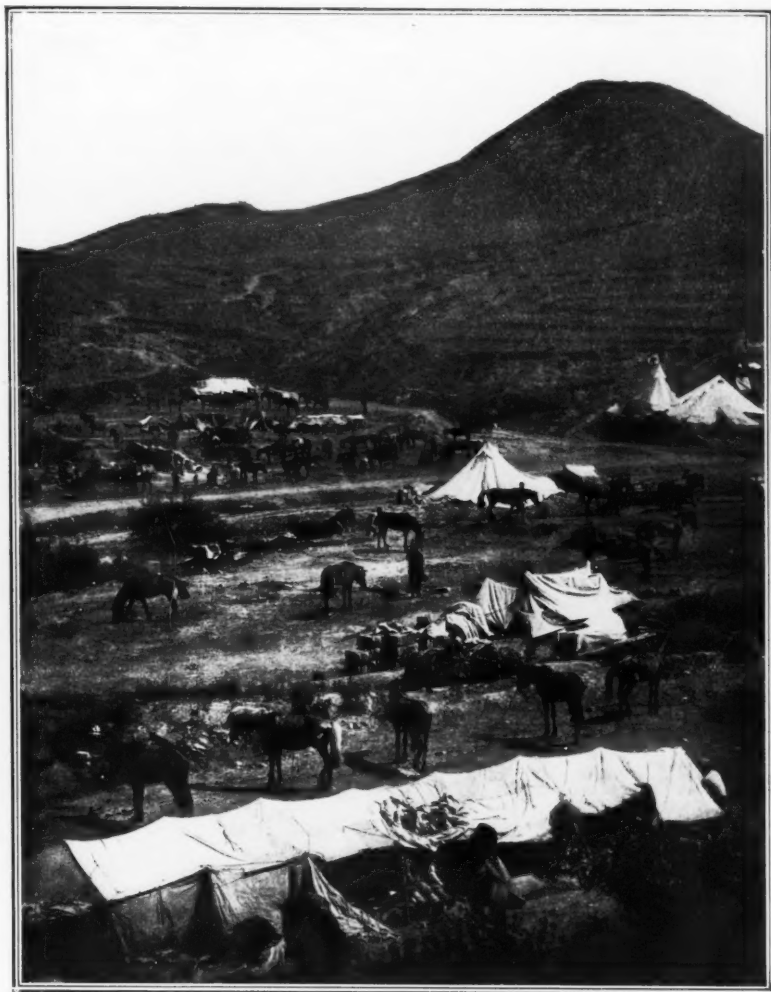
Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS

No army ever marched forth to battle better fitted to fight disease than were the Japanese. Physically fit was the description of the athletic half-a-million whom Japan sent across to Manchuria. They were in good health when they started and were never allowed to get into a different condition. A daily bath was the rule if water was obtainable. Then there was the light aluminum canteen, the aluminum or woven willow panikins, the carefully fitted shoes and tight leggings, the trim, close-fitting garments—in strong contrast with the unsanitary wooden water-bottle, the bag of brown bread, the heavy, ill-fitting boots, the big trousers, the long, clumsy great-coat of the slow and stupid Russian. But even the mobile Japanese army met with disease and bullets, and more often with the latter. The shrapnel occasionally tore holes in the ranks; the cold steel at the crest of hills and parapets inflicted many severe wounds; and often there were long processions as shown in this picture. The wounded and the dead were carried in waggons, or on litters borne by four men, away to the rear where were the field-hospitals and the crudely-marked graves. Nothing marks the cruelty and devilishness of war more than scenes of this kind. At the lower right-hand corner, the ridge of broken rock is part of the embankment of the railway to Port Arthur—for this picture was taken less than five miles from that place. The telegraph wires are out of commission.

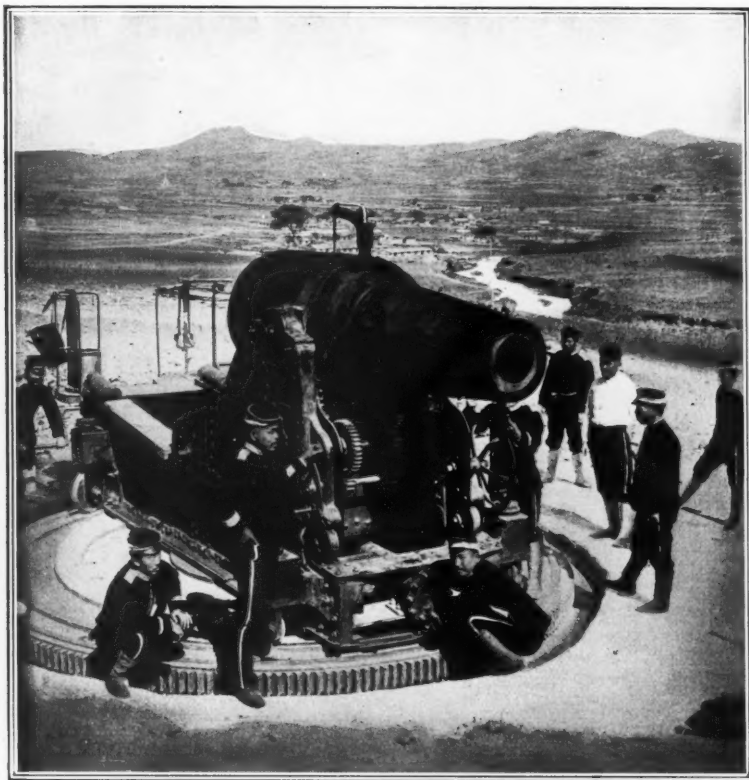
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A JAPANESE CAMP BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

This picture presents a view of a camp of the third Japanese army in the siege line, looking north west to Hoozan Hill, near Port Arthur. The horses of the cavalry are picketed about near the shelter-tents or are being led back from the creek where they have been watered. The soldiers are resting and awaiting fresh orders, while the engineers are working on new trenches and the big guns are thundering in their working of throwing shells into the fortifications. Even in this sheltered valley, an occasional Russian shell may burst and raise a cloud of dust. There were long periods of waiting for the cavalry and the infantry during the months which were required for the scientific, encircling attack which finally resulted in giving Japan possession of the fortress.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A HUGE SIEGE GUN

Viceroy Alexieff believed in Port Arthur's impregnability. He boasted again and again that the Japanese would never take it. It was the emblem of his Eastern policy—a policy of expansion and exclusion. It embodied all his years of labour in China, his arrogance, his superiority, his sovereignty. He expected the Japanese to fight, but thought that their defeat would be an easy matter. He misjudged the enemy and he mistook the arrogance of himself and his officers for strength of character and military skill. The war tore away the mask and the incompetent, cowardly, besotted Russian officer stands revealed.

The Japanese entered Manchuria, crushed Stakelberg who marched to the assistance of threatened Port Arthur, and then ranged themselves round the doomed fortress. They had taken it in one day, back in 1894; now they were prepared to spend a month. As a matter of record, they spent nearly six. The sort of guns required to reach its vitals are pictured here—huge siege guns, mounted on permanent platforms suitable for the support of the intricate and delicate machinery used in the operating. These guns have a range of eight miles.

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A RUNABOUT—AUTOCAR, TYPE X

THE MOTOR CAR OF 1905

By AUTOMOBILIST

FADS have a habit of commercialising themselves into respectable customs. The motor car, while still to some extent a fad, is being rapidly commercialised.

The bicycle was a fad for years, but to-day it is a recognised method of transportation, though still used by certain classes for pleasure only. Its successor, the motor car, will degenerate into the commonplace much less quickly because of its greater cost, because its pleasure is secured with less physical exertion, and because it enables one person to add to the enjoyment of those whom he delights to please.

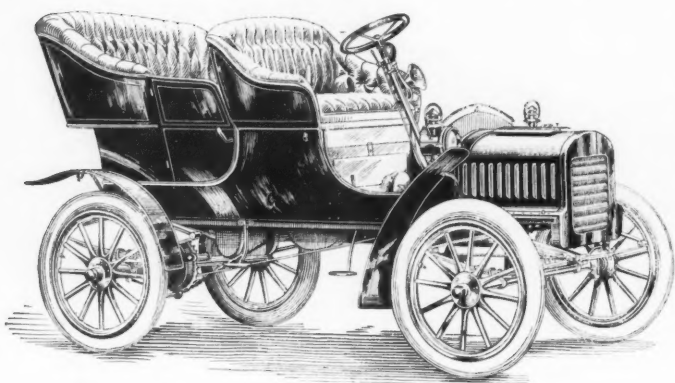
There is another feature of similarity in these two vehicles. Each machine owes much of its popularity to the fact that it enables the city resident to get out into the country. Only those cooped up in narrow streets and among high buildings, forced to breathe smoke-laden air for many hours a day, know how sweet and wholesome is the balmy country air, and how restful are the cool greens and browns of the rural landscape. In the United States and Great Britain the automobile has greatly increased

the rush countrywards. The wealthy resident of the large city may go twenty miles from his place of business to his country-house in an hour. Or, if he boasts no country-house, he may spend the summer evenings giving his wife and children pleasant little excursions out through the parks and over the country roads. Saturday afternoon and holiday excursions are also popular.

The form of the motor car bears out this idea. The popular American vehicle of pleasure, where horses are the motive power, is the surrey with its two seats and with or without a



A RUNABOUT—NORTHERN



A CONVERTIBLE TOURING CAR—THE FORD, MODEL C

cover. The popular motor car is an adaptation of this, with bulging seats, side entrances to the rear portion and with heavier and smaller wheels. The automobile of to-day is coming rapidly to a few types. The earlier vehicles were of a form peculiarly distinct from ordinary vehicles. The influences which made the surrey the popular vehicle have had the same effect on the automobile; hence the result stated. To the casual observer, most automobiles capable of carrying four persons look very much alike. Only the details are strikingly different.

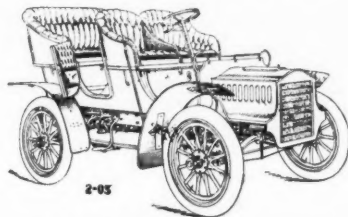
It is but natural that Canada should be behind such countries as the United States, Great Britain and France in the use of automobiles. Not that we are less enterprising, but there is a difference between a small population and a large one, a thickly settled territory and the opposite. The roads in certain parts of Canada are good, but some of them are less than fifty years old. A macadam road requires age to bring it to perfection. Again, the Old Régime in Canada has left traces upon the cities of Quebec and Montreal in the matter of narrow, tortuous streets, which militate against the popularity of the swiftly-moving vehicle.

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia—the most conservative parts of Canada—the automobile

is just being introduced. Quebec, with a population of 70,000 people, had only four autos in 1904. In Montreal, only 60 licenses were issued last year. In the province of Ontario, where the roads and streets are more suitable, there were four hundred

machines in use in 1904. There were no factories in Canada building gasoline autos, and only one make of electric runabouts.

The year 1905 promises a different condition of affairs. There will be three factories on this side of the border, there will be increased sales of machines of all classes, and more attention will be paid to the sport by all classes. Even business men will be compelled to seriously consider the possibilities of the auto in express, delivery and dray work. The snow and ice which coats our streets for three months in each year will retard this latter development until such time as the cities of Canada learn that all snow must be removed from business streets almost immediately after its arrival. The automobile is destined to change our idea of street cleaning and road building. The "good roads" movement gained much from the bicycle; it will gain even more from the auto.



A SINGLE CYLINDER—THE CADILLAC



THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW, TORONTO

The automobile shows of London, New York, Chicago, and other centres, are the latest development in events which combine both social and business features

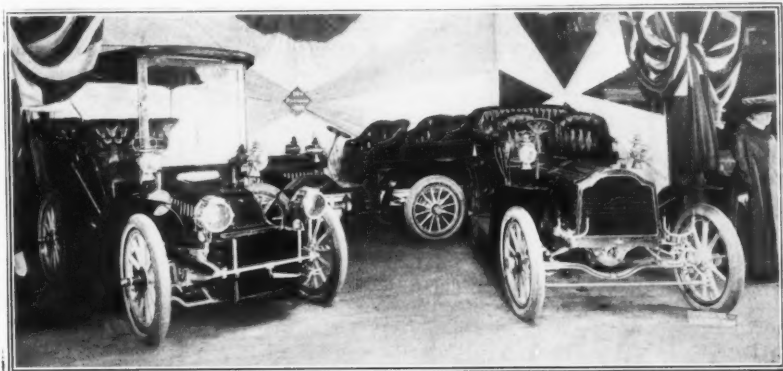
An idea of the variety and the similarity of the different makes may best be exhibited by a description of the leading makes now being offered to Canadian purchasers.

RUNABOUTS.

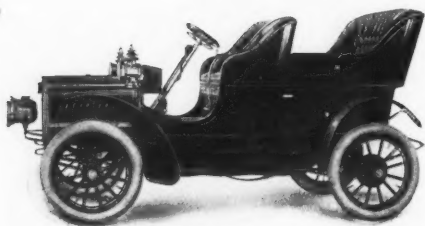
The runabout or two-passenger car suits people whose means are limited but yet sufficient to justify them in tasting this modern pleasure. It also is suitable for the business or profes-

sional man who prefers such a machine to a horse and trap.

The most modest car in this class is the Pope Tribune, manufactured by the celebrated Pope Manufacturing Co., for years known as the manufacturers of the Columbia Bicycle. This machine has a seven-horse-power engine situated in front and drives through a sliding gear transmission to the rear axle. It has very handsome lines, and sells in Canada for \$650.



THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW, TORONTO



TWO-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE RAMBLER

The Autocar Type X, illustrated here, may be taken as a good type of United States runabout. It is ten horse-power, with two horizontal opposed cylinders in front under the hood. The control is on the left-hand side of the car. It has capacity for nine gallons of gasoline, sufficient for 150 miles.

The Northern Manufacturing Co. of Detroit have a nice runabout. It is a lower-priced machine with a single-cylinder horizontal motor. The engine is under the seat, not forward as in the Autocar.

If, however, a purchaser desires to secure a city rig, his choice will perhaps settle upon an electric, of which the best known type is the Ivanhoe, manufactured in Canada by The Canada Cycle & Motor Co. It is of handsome design, has a mileage of about 40 miles on one charge, and thus makes an ideal carriage for physicians' use or for a city runabout.

LIGHT TOURING CARS.

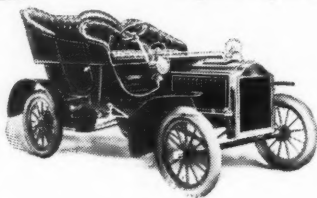
The next class of machines is the light touring car, usually equipped with a tonneau or rear seat which can be removed and so make a runabout to be used for conveyance of two passengers, while the additional rear seat on short notice converts it into a family carriage. This has been a popular style of car in America, and perhaps more of this variety have been sold than of any other one type.

The Cadillac Model F is a well-known, low-priced car of this type. It is a single-cylinder machine, with side entrance tonneau, individual front seats, selling at \$950.00 in Detroit. The Cadillac machines have always been in evidence in Canada.

The Ford is a machine which is made in both Canada and the United States, the Canadian factory being situated at Walkerville. Their Model C, shown here, has a removable tonneau, and is listed at \$1,100. It is a light and simple car which should find favour in this country. It has two cylinders, a maximum speed of 30 miles, weighs 1,250 pounds and is capable of going 180 miles with one filling of the gasoline tank. The engine is placed under the seat.

There is only one really "Made-in-Canada" touring car in existence, and that is The Russell. It appears for the first time this year. It is a medium-priced auto, capable of seating four persons comfortably. There is a fourteen horse-power, double-

cylindere engine situated under the bonnet in front; a bevel gear drive direct to the rear axle; a gasoline capacity for two hundred miles; a side entrance tonneau, which is detachable; a slide gear transmission with three

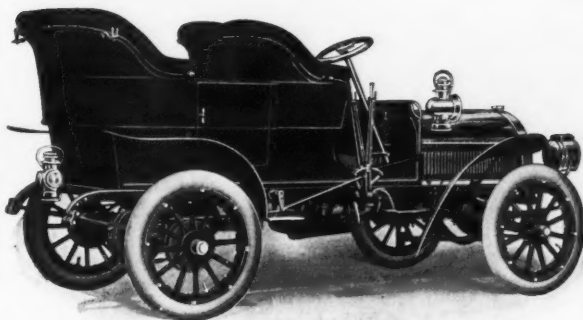
TWO-CYLINDER TOURING CAR
THE OLDSFOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR
THE WINTON

speeds forward and one reverse. The control is excellent, and the hang of the body gives a splendid spring. Naturally, Canadians will prefer a Canadian car if it meets their needs, and many will give this careful consideration. The writer has examined a great many cars during the past three years, and while it is not his business

to recommend any make, he is free to say that the machine is a credit to Canadian mechanical skill. If the season's experience shows he quality to be first-class, this car should be very popular in 1906. The model decided upon shows considerable discretion and taste.

The Rambler, made in Kenosha, Wisconsin, is built this year in two models. Their Surrey Type 1, illustrated here, is the smaller car and is driven by a chain to the divided rear axle. The engine has two horizontal opposed cylinders hung below the frame of the machine. A long upright lever at the side regulates the clutches and the throttle is controlled by a light bronze wheel just under the steering wheel, to which is also attached the fuel regulating lever. This machine is eminently suited to the Canadian market.

The Olds are this year being made

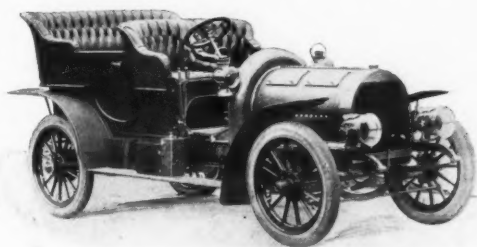


A LIGHT FOUR-CYLINDER CAR—THE STEVENS-DURVEA

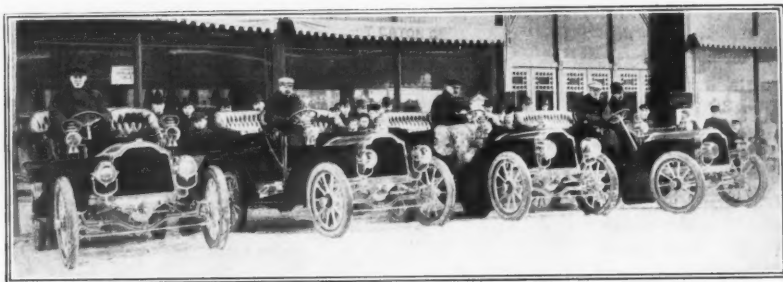
at St. Catharines for the Canadian trade. About 500 machines will be put together there. Their United States factory is one of the largest in that country, and Canada should be materially benefited by the entrance of so energetic an institution into the ranks of Canadian industries. The Olds, twenty horse-power touring car, a cut of which is shown, is an entirely new production. It is a double-cylinder machine with wheel steering gear, with surrey type of body and side entrance to tonneau. It has a seating capacity for five people. The gasolene capacity is fifteen gallons.

LIGHT FOUR-CYLINDER CARS

Heretofore the term four-cylinder as applied to automobiles meant large, heavy cars and high prices. The year 1905 has been marked by the advent into the market of an entirely new class of cars, viz., the light four-cylinder car, selling at from \$2,000 to \$3,000. These cars, of course, give a greater range of speed and power than the cars referred to in the preceding section. Their construction also tends to eliminate noise and vibration, and otherwise to make comfort and elegance



A FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE ROYAL TOURIST



A ROW OF PACKARDS, OWNED BY MEMBERS OF THE T. EATON CO.

in automobiling. Unquestionably cars of this design will be ready sellers during the coming season.

The Winton model "C" is one type of this car which perhaps will be sold at a lower price in Canada than any other well-known four-cylinder car. Its general construction is referred to again.

The Autocar is another popular car in this class. The makers of this car have already been known favourably in Canada in connection with the marketing of their runabout and two-cylinder cars. Their new four-cylinder car, cut of which is shown, is one of the most handsomely designed cars on the market, and the exposed chassis shown at New York and Chicago was one of the attractions of these exhibitions. The features of accessibility so noticeable in their runabout car are to the fore in this new model.

The Ford four-cylinder car is also a new comer this year with a 20 horsepower, four-cylinder engine under the

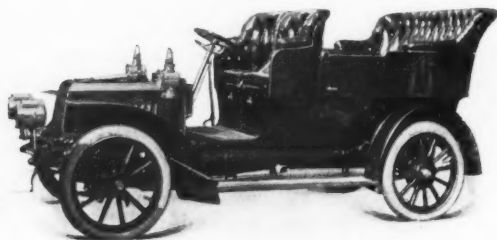
bonnet in front, with a long wheel base and excellent spring suspension. It is going to prove one of the most popular cars of the year. It sells in Canada at \$2,700.

The Stevens-Duryea is a name that has been synonymous with high grade construction in runabout cars this year. They offer a four-cylinder car with side entrance tonneau of special merit. Every attention has been paid to the reduction of weight. For this purpose the body is constructed of aluminum, and every possible ounce of weight has been removed throughout the frame.

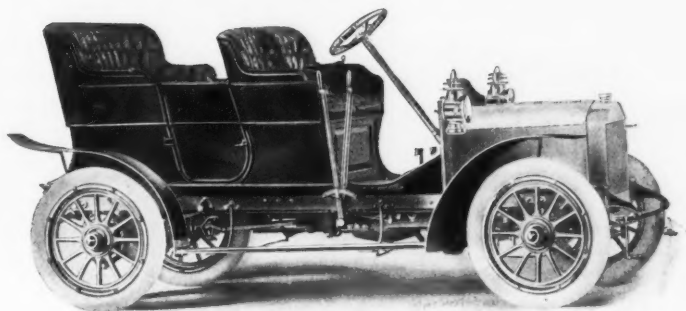
The Darracq car will also be offered in the Canadian market this year in this light four-cylinder class. It is one of the well-known makes of French cars, and its sale in Canada this year marks the widening interest in automobiles in general. In 1904, the Darracq carried off first place at no less than sixteen of the large meets in France, Italy, Germany, Austria, England and the United States.

"TOP NOTCHERS"

There still remains the class of car which is purchased by the man who wants to get all that is given in automobile construction regardless of the cost. All of these machines are uniform in construction to the extent of employing four-cylinder vertical engines situated under the bonnet



FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE DARRACQ



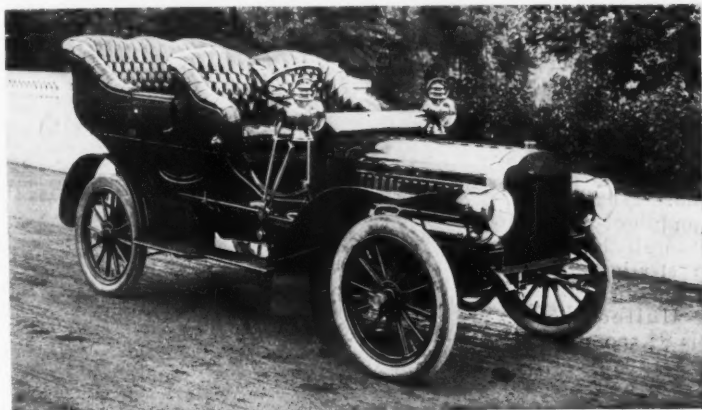
A LIGHT FOUR-CYLINDER CAR—THE AUTOCAR, 20 H.P.

in front. All of them are constructed with long wheel base, thus enabling them to accommodate themselves to our imperfect roads. Nearly all of them use the sliding gear transmission, giving three speeds forward and a reverse. Some of them have as many as four speeds. Some of the best of these cars are already well known to the Canadian public. The Peerless car, manufactured in Cleveland, became famous here last year through the phenomenal driving of Barney Oldfield. On this car all the track records from one to fifty miles were won during the past season.

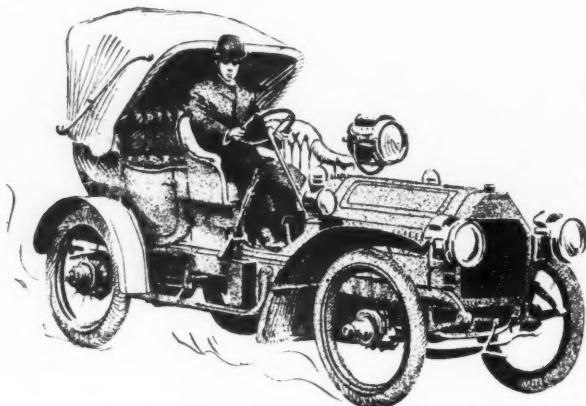
The Thomas car, made in Buffalo by a manufacturer well known in Ca-

nada through the manufacture of the Cleveland bicycle in its early days, Mr. E. R. Thomas, is now well to the front. This machine appears in two models—one with 40 horse-power, and the other with 50 horse-power. One of the features of this car is the design of body on which the manufacturer holds a patent on account of its utility in turning the dust from the wheels backward in such a way as to remove it from the passengers.

The Pope Toledo car achieved its fame last year through the record it made in the various hill-climbing contests which were held under the auspices of the different automobile associations. This year the car was ex-



A FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE THOMAS



A FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR—THE PEERLESS

hibited at the great Paris show, and is the only American touring car which has really begun to do business in Europe in competition with their own manufacture there.

The Packard four-cylinder car which is shown in this article has become so popular during the present season that already customers are offering from \$300 to \$500 premium in order to secure delivery of one of these cars. The Packard was subjected to a severe test last October. It was driven around a mile track a thousand times without stopping the motor. The time made, exclusive of stops, was a little less than thirty hours, or an average speed of $33\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The drive is by bevel gearing instead of chain. The spark and throttle levers are both on the steering post. The price in the United States is \$3,500.

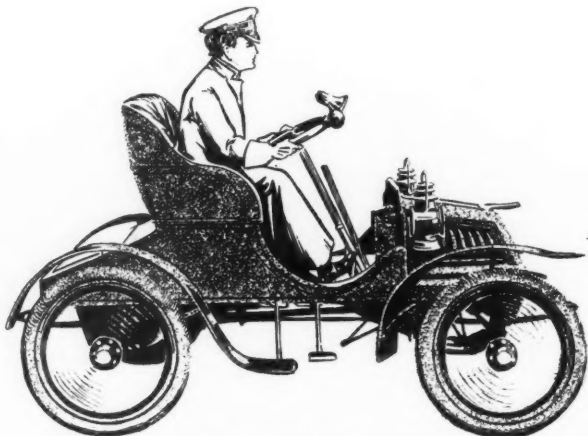
The Winton is another car which has attracted Cana-

dians. The four-cylindrical vertical engine is in front, and the steering gear and body are much the same as in all high-priced cars. In accessibility, like other good cars, it shows considerable improvement over last year. The crank and gear cases have easily removed lids or sides, and all the working parts can be reached without

difficulty. The pictures of chaffeurs, lying stretched out under their cars looking for complications, have apparently induced the makers of good cars to prevent such discouraging and uninviting scenes. One pedal and two levers control all transmission clutches and brakes—a sign of the striving after simplicity.

COMMERCIAL CARS.

The Oldsmobile manufactures Commercial Cars. Their light delivery car at \$1,000 is suitable for florists, show dealers and other light work. Their

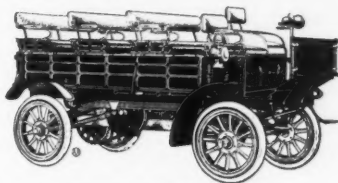


THE LOWEST-PRICED RUNABOUT—THE POPE TRIBUNE

heavy delivery car at \$2,000 is capable of handling a ton, the engine developing sixteen horse-power. They also have a ten-passenger coach which is suitable for omnibus and stage coach service.

Only one commercial car is shown here, the Knox made at Springfield. Their No. 51 has a capacity for fourteen persons with a maximum speed of eighteen miles. They also manufac-

ture delivery waggons and trucks of various kinds.



KNOX—COMMERCIAL CAR

SUNLIGHT

BY VERNON NOTT

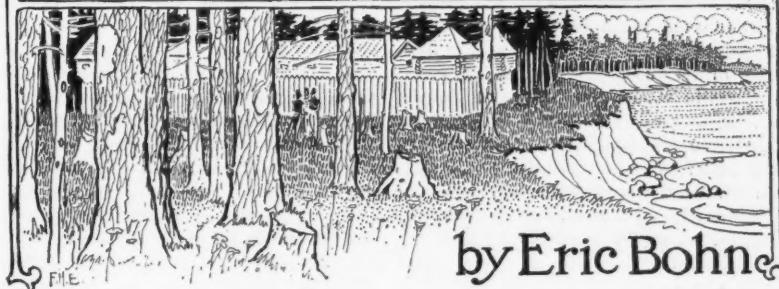
KNOW ye the calling of the sunlight—
 Lawn or meadow, woods and brooks?
 What are critics, what is art, compared with sunlight—
 What are libraries of books?
 To a mortal in a mortal world there's one light,
 Only one light
 Clean and pleasant,
 Free to millionaire or peasant:
 And it's pleading, pleading, pleading, is the sunlight.
 In the shadow 'neath the trees
 And the cawing of the rooks,
 In the whisper of the breeze
 Thro' the leafy woodland nooks—
 It is calling, calling, calling all who shun light,
 To the blessing God has given,
 Forth from manuscripts and books—
 In His world from darkness riven,
 You and me and everyone—
 To the cleansing and the healing and the glory of the sun!
 Heed ye the calling of the sunlight,
 Summer, autumn, winter, spring!
 What is money, what is fame, compared with sunlight,
 But a very little thing?
 El Dorado hath no treasure like this one light!
 God's own sunlight,
 Clean and healthy,
 Holding life for poor and wealthy:
 And its calling, calling you that seek to shun light
 From your ledgers, ink and pens
 To the joy of song and wing,
 From your dingy, healthless dens
 To the life the sunrays bring—
 Will ye disregard the pleading of the sunlight?
 See ye not, in mental squalor
 Wrapt in purblind clamouring,
 While ye breed the worshipp'd dollar,
 Woe is to you, everyone.
 For ye lose the priceless glory—all the glory of the sun!



"Quick, the knife," he gasped.—p. 541

Drawn by F. H. Briden

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohné

Author of "How Hartman Won"

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off.

CHAPTER XIV

THE second night of the long march was passed by all in newly made shelters far away from human habitation. The sun was still above the horizon when the sleighs reached the little valley in which it was decided to pitch their camp for the night. The spot was well chosen, being sheltered from the winds, and lay close to a little tributary of the Shubenacadie.

Already the scouting party had commenced work. They had felled a big pine, directly across a narrow ravine, leaving space between it and the earth sufficient to utilise it as a beam pole for a large, improvised wigwam. Some of the men were chopping off the long branches and leaning them against the fallen trunk while others were cutting down saplings for a similar purpose.

"That's a good beginning," said the Colonel, as he stepped out of his sleigh and stretched his limbs after the cramping of the long drive. "A fine selec-

tion too, lots of water and no wind. Now every man must do his best. It will be dark in an hour and it will take until then for the troops to arrive. Chaplain, cannot you and the Doctor fix a place at one end of that shanty specially for Mrs. Manning, and make it snug and warm? She will have to camp out with her husband this time."

"That will be clerical work of a new kind," replied Mr. Evans with a laugh. "I can say grace over it while Beaumont does the fixing. How will that do?"

"Capital, if you will arrange the rugs and blankets while attending to your devotions," responded the Doctor. "I think the wigwam idea excellent. When hunting in winter I always prefer a shanty to a tent."

"Come along then," exclaimed the Chaplain. "I see they've got the poles up at that end already. If Madame will excuse us, we'll soon fix her little boudoir; and by the time Lieu-

tenant Manning arrives, he'll find his castle built and his lady waiting at the gate to receive him."

"It is very good of you," said Helen. But this time there was a look of apprehension upon her face, for they had hoped when starting to cover five more miles that day, in which case they would again have found a house for her to pass the night in. As it was, there was nothing but woods on every side, and even Harold could not arrive until the darkening.

Colonel Head's kindly eye noted the distress, which Helen was doing her best to hide.

"There is no help for it. We've got to take things as they are," he exclaimed, cheerfully. "It may be a good thing after all, that we can't cover the other five miles. The men are tired enough and this spot is simply ideal for a camping ground."

"I believe it is," returned Helen, who, in watching a dozen men swing their axes to good advantage, was regaining courage. "The women are helping and so shall I."

Every one worked with a will. Sir George, too, was constantly on the move, issuing orders and making suggestions to facilitate the completion of the preparations for the night. The experience in army life, which the soldiers' wives had learned in Europe, proved of advantage now. It was on this account they had been selected to accompany the column, and the wisdom of the choice was proving itself already. What added cheerfulness to the prospect, too, was the big fire of dead timber, built by the scouts.

Helen watched with interest the details of the work going on around her. She was laying in a store of knowledge for future use; and, before the wigwams and tents were ready for the night, she helped not a little to make them comfortable.

As the tired men marched down the hill to the camp, some of the wigwams were ready for occupation. The horses had been provided for in an enclosure made by arrangement of the sleighs; and supper was ready.

Caldrons of pork and beans were sizzling on the fire, while tea and bread from the Halifax supply were there for all. The officers' mess, too, was a jolly one with its added fresh meat, biscuits and jam.

"My darling," said Harold to his wife after the meal was over and they stood together for a few minutes by one of the blazing fires. "I begin to realise now what you have sacrificed for me, and how much you were willing to endure."

"Don't talk in that way, please," she returned, pressing his arm, but at the same time dashing away a tear. "I was willing to come, Harold, and I have never been sorry that I did."

"And a brave little woman you are."

"I try hard. It will be easier when I get used to it. The worst of all is the loneliness, but that I knew would come."

"It is the hardest at the start, dearest," he said, holding her tighter by the hand.

"Forgive me, Harold. I know I am silly, but this is the anniversary of my mother's death. Is it any wonder that I should feel a little blue? But never mind my foolishness, I will be better to-morrow."

"Foolishness indeed! You are the dearest and best woman that ever lived. I had not forgotten either; and if I could I would have been with you all day."

"Well, I'm not going to be disconsolate any more," she exclaimed, in a gayer tone. "You have not seen the dainty little wigwam that the Doctor and the Chaplain have fixed up for us among the pine branches. They have covered the floor with pine needles. Then our bed is the funniest thing of all. It is a pile of small pine branches, covered with another of cedar. Over that are blankets, next a huge buffalo robe and pillows, and over all some more blankets and another buffalo robe on top. For a door you shove a slab of wood away and squeeze in. When inside you light a candle to find a sloping, branchy roof, seven feet high on one side and four on the other, with a

floor space that is quite large, and green branches all around."

"Is that your cozy corner, Mrs. Manning is talking about?" said Dr. Beaumont, who at this moment joined them.

"Yes, she is giving a graphic description of your skill as a builder," replied Harold, laughing.

"We did our best and the Chaplain said grace over it, too; but it is not much in the way of a lady's bed-chamber; sans stove, sans windows, sans crockery, sans everything, but a place to sleep in," said the Doctor.

"Well, I only hope that your quarters will be as comfortable," was Helen's laughing comment.

"Thank you, we looked after that. What is more, we fixed our own bunk right next to yours, so that if anything happened to the queen of our party, we would be on hand to attend to her wants forthwith, whether medical or spiritual," rejoined the Doctor.

"How kind you are! What's that?" she exclaimed, turning her head to catch the sounds, for in the distance a long, shrill howl was heard.

"Dem's wolves, Madame," said Bateese, as he brought up another armful of wood for the fire. "Dere's anoder and anoder, sacré! de'll be lots o' dem to-night."

"What a gruesome sound!" exclaimed Helen with a shiver.

"The pack must be large," said Sir George, as he approached with Captain Payne. "You had better give orders," he continued to the latter, "to have big fires kept up all night. They say that when the wolves are numerous as well as hungry, they will even attack a camp if not well guarded. What do you know about them, Bateese?"

"Some tam dey very fierce, Monsieur, and when 'ongree will chase eem right roun' de fire till 'e shoot eem dead."

"They are not coming this way," said the Chaplain, who was listening to the direction of the sound.

"Na, na," said Bateese. "Dey smell long way off, and go roun' and roun' before ever dey come to camp."

"You don't say that we are in for fun to-night, do you?"

"Don't say noffin," replied Bateese with a shrug. "Only dey won't be here for a long tam, anyway."

"Will you take me to see the other women, Harold, before we go to bed?" said Helen with another little shiver.

"You are surely not afraid with such a body of troops around you, Mrs. Manning?" queried the Colonel.

"Not a bit, Sir George," was her answer and she turned upon him a face that showed no trace of fear, "but I want to visit with the women a few minutes."

"By jove, we are blest in having such a woman with us," said the Colonel to the little crowd about him, as the two moved away. "It gives us a bit of civilisation right in the woods. She's a treasure and you men must do what you can for her."

Helen found the women seated on a log with their husbands beside a fire near the middle of the men's quarters. They, too, were discussing the wolf question.

"Just listen!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardman in alarm. "There must be twenty of 'em or more. They might come to us when there is such a lot."

"Let 'em come," said Mrs. Bond, tossing her head. "What's twenty wolves agin two 'undred men?"

"That's not it," said the other woman. "They're such sneaks. They say they can squeeze into any 'ole. I wouldn't want one of them beasts in my bunk for a bedfellow."

"You need not be alarmed," said Lieutenant Manning. "There will be a fire in front of each camp all night, and plenty of men on guard. If the women are afraid though, Corporal, it might be better to put in a few more stakes to block up the bunks more thoroughly."

"Perhaps it would. We'll attend to it, sir;" and the two men went off to cut the stakes and put them in place.

Helen remained with the women a little longer, while Harold crossing over to speak to the Colonel told him of Mrs. Hardman's alarm. Sir George

laughed. Nevertheless, he gave the final order to double the guard for the night, with relief every two hours instead of three. At ten o'clock the bugle sounded the men to bed.

The large fires in front of the camps made them warm and comfortable; and in another hour the whole camp was still, with the exception of the guards on duty, who stood and lounged around the blazing fires. Silence and quietude reigned supreme save for the crackling of the faggots and the howling of the wolves. For a time the sounds were very distant, seemingly miles away.

Hour after hour passed by. Snuggled beneath the blankets the men and women were sleeping. Suddenly the howling, which had been circling in the distance the whole of the night, concentrated in one direction and gradually the sounds grew louder and the tones clearer.

Captain Cummings, knowing that the drivers would be familiar with the country and the habits of the animals, had arranged for two of them to take part with the pickets on each watch. This time both Bateese and Pat were on duty.

"Sacré! de dem wolf comin' straight for us," exclaimed the former.

"Be jabbers! They're on a bee line down the Truro road," added Pat. "In foive minutes the howlin' pack 'll be on us as shure as shootin'. Pile on the dry pine, boys," he called out in a higher key. "Whin ther's a big pack and a cowl'd night, it'll take a tremendous fire to keep the spalpeens from sissling right into us."

"We'd better call out the men," suggested a private.

"Holy Peter! we must call the dhriers, too, or the horses 'll be after a stampede," was the answer.

But some of the soldiers had heard the wolves and were up. Captains Cummings and Payne and Sir George, too, were already out, and the men, many of them only half dressed, with guns in their hands, came tumbling after them.

"We may as well see the end of this," cried the Colonel.

"By Jove! Yonder they come," shouted Cummings; and at the top of the long incline, leading out of the valley, a dark, surging mass could be seen clearly in the moonlight.

On they came, straight down the road, filling the air with their loud, unearthly yells. Some in the centre were on a steady run, others at the side scampered irregularly to the right or left; while a few young and lanky fellows leapt madly over the backs of others in order to get to the front.

"Quick, men. Rifles ready," called out Cummings, as the men got into position before the unusual foe. The wild rush of the wolves was checked as they neared the blazing fires. Still, as Pat said, "numbers made them bould." There were more than a score of the hungry brutes; and the sight of fire was not enough to divert their attention from horses and men.

As they struck the camp they set up a more terrific howl than ever, and made a sort of momentary halt. The leaders, a couple of huge fellows, turning gray with age, seemed in a quandary whether to turn to the right or the left. Then they made a rush toward the rifle men who stood nearest, and the whole pack came on.

"Fire," cried the Colonel.

One of the old grays dropped and several others with him. With a cowardly yell the animals veered; but it was only for a moment. Then some savagely turned on their fallen comrades to tear them limb from limb, while others scattered to right and left. Again the men fired and then charged with fixed bayonets, rushing on the animals with cold steel.

By this time the whole force was roused and, clinching their guns, appeared on the scene. But brief as it was, the battle was almost over. A number of the wolves were killed, some were wounded and others, still unhurt, retreated into the forest; while one or two, surrounded by the bayonets of the men, made a wild dash through the camp for the woods on the further side.

Helen did not go to sleep early that night. The excitement of the day's

travel, together with the new conditions, had unsettled her nerves. Consequently, a couple of hours passed away before sleep came, and then troubled dreams marred her rest.

The mad yells of the wolves as they neared the camp awoke both her and Harold. With a suppressed scream, Helen clutched her husband as he sprang up to don his outer clothing. Then came the fire of the first shots.

"Don't leave me," she pleaded in momentary terror. "What if a wolf should squeeze in between the poles?"

"No fear of that, dearest," he answered, pulling on his boots and tunic in less time than it takes to tell. "But I won't leave you if I can help it. There has been no general call for the men as yet."

"The only way in or out is through that passage," she cried, calm again, and busy dressing while she spoke. The shooting continued and the shouts of the men were louder now, while there was less yelling of the animals. Then came a wild hurrying and stampeding around the camp. Harold had stuck a lighted candle in a crotch and a brace of pistols in his belt. In another moment he was ready for anything.

"What's that?" exclaimed Helen with a wild shout.

Harold turned instantly and by the dim light saw that the slabs at the entrance were wriggling.

"By heavens, it's a wolf!" he shouted, and almost without taking aim he fired one of his pistols at the head of a monster which was squeezing between the poles. The bullet grazed his shoulder but with a gruesome howl and snapping jaw he continued forcing himself into the narrow cell. Helen, springing to the further end, seized a dirk from the sheath in which it hung, while Harold fired his second pistol. This time the ball passed through the wolf's jaw into his body. Still he was not killed, and snapping savagely he floundered into the room.

Then came the life and death struggle between Harold and the wolf. With his empty pistol he struck him a

fierce blow upon the head, while the wolf's teeth clutched the young man's leg.

"Quick, the knife," he gasped, and like a flash the dirk was buried in the brute's heart. The jaws relaxed. The leg was free again and the huge wolf rolled over.

The candle was still alight as Harold staggered, a gory spectacle, to his feet. Helen, too, was trembling and spotted with blood. Bravely she had faced it all and had not swooned.

"How terribly he has bitten you!" she cried with quivering lips.

"Only a scratch," was his answer. But the shots and Helen's screams had been heard, and the poles were being forced aside. Sir George, the Doctor, Cummings and others had come to the rescue.

"What in heaven's name have you here?" cried the former in consternation as, in putting his head in, he almost fell over the body of the dead animal.

"We've been entertaining a wolf," Harold gasped.

"And he's been trying to kill my husband," Helen added, bravely keeping back the tears.

"You're not dead yet, though," exclaimed the Doctor. "Can you stand up, old man?"

"Certainly I can." And Harold rose from the bloody couch to his feet. "The rascal nipped my leg, though. Perhaps you had better look at it, Doctor."

"Come outside then, if you can walk." He managed to reach the blazing fire, followed by Helen. And there the Doctor dressed the wound.

When the other men dragged out the dead animal before putting the place in order again, they were amazed at their discovery.

"Why! it's the big she wolf," Cummings exclaimed. "The mate of the old gray that was shot. What a desperate fight Manning must have had!"

"And his wife," echoed Sir George. "The wonder is that she retained her senses."

Harold's hurt was not a severe one.

Fortunately it was but a dying snap, and the blood on his clothes was from the wolf. So he cleaned and changed them, and Helen with water and sponge refreshed herself too. Half an hour later they returned to their own wigwam. But the men had not been idle. They had made it over again; and they found their bunk as good as new. So after each had taken a glass of Old Madeira, which Harold had fortunately brought with him, they once more retired to rest. The outside guards were changed, and soon the men of the troop were trying to sleep again, in preparation for the next day's march.



CHAPTER XV

NOTWITHSTANDING the exciting disturbances of the night, to both men and beasts, the troops were up by daylight. Breakfast was over, the camp was struck, and all were ready to march before the sun in the clear winter sky was much above the horizon.

During the last of the preparations, Helen, wrapped in her furs, was seated on a log by one of the fires. While waiting for Harold she was busy jotting down notes in a scrap-book that lay on her knee.

"Well, dearie," he exclaimed, as he joined her with a very slight limp. "We start in ten minutes. Are you quite ready? But what is this you are doing?"

"Just scribbling a bit," she replied; "commencing my diary. And how is the leg? It must hurt you."

"Only a little. The doctor has dressed it again. He says it is a mere trifle. The thick folds of my trousers saved me from a bite that might have been serious. So you are turning historian are you? Commencing, I suppose, with a thrilling tale of adventure."

"Last night's experience should be thrilling enough to make a record of, don't you think?" was her answer.

"Well, yes, if you only put it down right. You should commence with an account of the brave lady, who, with-

out fear, seized a dagger and by her dexterity saved the life of her husband."

"O, Harold! How you talk! What nonsense!"

"There is no nonsense about it, my dear. Where would I have been but for you? Both my pistols empty, clutched by a big wolf, and no knife within reach until you handed it to me. No, my dear Mrs. Manning, you were veritably your husband's preserver. Put it down quick, for we have scarcely a minute to lose."

"It is too late," she returned with grave perspicacity. "The first chapter is closed. What I have writ, I have writ, and there's the end o't." And closing her scrap book she opened her reticule to put it in.

"But my brave lady," he cried. "My heroine of the midnight battle, won't you let me see what you have writ?"

"That is a question," was her laughing answer, putting her bag behind her back.

"Why so?" he asked.

"Because——"

"Because what?"

"Because you shouldn't see everything I put down. I just thought I would write a bit each day until we get to Penetang; but there are things which a woman would not want to tell to a man, even her husband."

"I never thought of that," he replied gravely. "Still—there may be truth in it."

"I don't want to be mean, Harold," she said reluctantly, handing him the scrap book. "Read it this time, but please let me write what I want without showing it to you again, until we reach Penetang. I will promise that you may read the whole of it then if you choose."

"Well, I agree," he replied, stooping to kiss her. "Writing letters to nobody with nobody to read them."

"Who else should read them but the nobody for whom they are written," was her laughing response.

The horses were harnessed, but he had still time to glance hastily over the first entry of her diary. It ran thus:

"Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, Jan. —, 1814.

"Just two days and nights since we left Halifax. The weather sharp, cold and bright, with scarcely a cloud in the sky at any time. We had great fun at a lumber camp on our first day out. A good-natured Scotchman was what they call 'Boss,' and he made it very pleasant for us. He gave us an excellent dinner and was very gallant to us all; but he tried to be funny, too. For instance, he told me it was lucky I did not intend to stay in Nova Scotia, for if I did, I would become a 'blue-nose' like the rest of the women, for I was catching the disease already.

"I laughingly repudiated the charge and told him it was a calumny upon the Nova Scotia women, for their noses were all a natural colour.

"My dear woman," he replied. "I'm no daft. Their noses are all blue, but for the sake of effect they just paint 'em pink."

"The Doctor heard him and shook with laughter, while Mr. Mackenzie reiterated: 'Fact, Madame, fact! When you come back jess ask Mrs. Mason and she'll tell you.'

"Still, the 'Boss' is a fine specimen of his race, rough, generous and warm-hearted. I wonder if he has a wife. If not, the sooner he gets one the better; for, like Harold, he could make a woman happy.

"That afternoon we passed an Indian camp. Some of the red-skins were armed, and as there were a lot of them, and only a few of us in sleighs, it didn't seem safe until we had driven on and they had shouted their last 'Qua.'

"But the horror of all was last night, only three or four hours before dawn, when, if it had not been for a providential candle, Harold might have been killed. Oh, that blessed candle! I have stowed it away already among my most valuable belongings in commemoration of the event. The fiendish eyes of that gaunt wolf made my blood run cold as he wriggled through the bars into our camp. Harold shot him twice with his pistols and

afterward stabbed him to the heart with his dagger; still, he could not have done it but for that little candle which he had stuck between the branches before the fight began. What a terrible scene it was! When Harold and the brute were locked together and the blood spurted all over, I felt sure it was Harold's. I almost fainted. But somehow I just wouldn't. So I grabbed hold of the wolf's leg and helped to roll him on his back. It was all the help I could give. The whole thing was horrible to think of. It made my blood curdle. But I don't care so long as Harold is all right. I always knew what a good, true man my husband was, but never before did I know how brave he could be. He's the—"

Here the record broke off abruptly, caused no doubt by the said Harold's arrival.

"I wonder how you purposed concluding that last sentence?" he asked with a laugh, as he handed back the book. "Possibly the dash was merely a happy substitute for something else."

"On second thought I don't think I'll finish it," she rejoined, laughing. "Just leave it for you to conjecture."

"And am I to read no more chapters?" he asked.

"Not even one," she replied, nodding her head. "A woman's fiat is like the law of the Medes and Persians—it cannot be altered."

"So be it," he assented, while he helped her into the sleigh. "I shall restrain my curiosity until the manuscript is finished. But woe betide you if you do not let me read it then." Then they both laughed.

The next moment the bugle sounded, the sleighs and troops were already in order, and on the word of command the journey was resumed.

Helen's diary continued.

"Camp—miles northwest of Truro, Jan'y—, 10 p.m.

"I thought I would write a little in my diary every day when I commenced, but here on the very start I have missed a day already. Perhaps it was because Harold, on account of the wolf's

bite, has been with me ever since. To-day it has been terribly cold and I was afraid he might be worse, but fortunately he is not. The roads are still good through this mountainous region and without many drifts either. Bateese pretends to be disgusted. He says they are not worth a 'Tam'; for he has been doing his best to find a drift to camp in ever since we started. So we laugh and tell him it is foolish to despair.

"Last night we were on the lookout for wolves again. We sat on logs around the camp fires until quite late listening for them; but there was not a single howl. We did hear something, however, that pleased us better. The men had made our little camp comfortable for us, and Harold and I were having a chat by ourselves before turning in for the night. Perhaps I felt moody again in the still air and deep solitude of the woods. It was new and strange to me—so different from anything I had ever experienced.

"Suddenly we heard singing in the habitants' camp. The drivers were squatted around their own fire and listening to Bateese. I wonder if I can remember the words of the quaint little song. It ran something like this:

"Ma luffly gal she ees so neat,
She be ma femme come by-am-bye,
She ope her leetle mouf so sweet,
An' all de day sing lullaby.

Ven she vas baby dress in print
Her petite nose was wide an' pug,
So dat it make her eyes go squint
Ven she shut up her leetle mug.

Her arms so short, her feet so long,
Dey make you tink of kangaroo,
Still, mon devoir, I sing ma song
An' tell de story all to you.

But she so fair, her hair like gold,
Her bref is like de rose to smell,
An' vat care I for tings I told,
I luff dat leetle gal so well.

An' den who cares vat people say?
Mon Dieu! e'en d'ho de night owls sing.
It ees no mattare; ve'll be gay
An' Cure'll marry us in spring.

"Then the men laughed, and we laughed too. Somehow it roused my

spirits, and I liked Bateese all the better for singing his foolish little ditty."

Diary continued.

"Miramichi River, New Brunswick, 240 miles from Halifax, Feb. — 1814.

"I intended to write in my diary every day when I started, but 'The best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft aglee.' Several weary days have gone since I used my pencil last. I was more than half sick and did not feel like writing. Now that I am better, I start anew and shall try to keep it up. Harold has been very good to me; and so have the Doctor and the Chaplain and the Colonel and everybody. Still travelling twenty miles a day, no matter how you feel, is no joke, particularly when you have to camp out in improvised shanties every night, no matter how intense the cold. Two of the days it stormed furiously and Bateese had all he could do to keep our sleigh from upsetting in the drifts. Some of the others did go over, much to their discomfort, and we began to prize Bateese all the more for his dexterity even if he does brag a bit. When the blast was the keenest both the women got their noses frozen. That was two days ago and their driver discovered it just as we stopped to camp for dinner.

"By gar!' he cried out, vehemently, 'de vemen's noses bot' be friz.'

"Bateese dropped his lines into Harold's hands and almost with a bound reached the other sleigh. Then the two men commenced at once to rub the frozen noses with snow, much to the disgust of the women. But opposition was useless. It was the right thing to do, and at the same time a rare joke to the Frenchmen who continued to jabber their patois.

"Be quiet now, Femme Bond,' cried Bateese. 'You no want your nose drop off.'

"Ardman never look at 'im femme again wid big hole in him face,' cried Henri. 'Old steel I say.'

"The women realised the truth and slowly the white ivory hardness of the

two noses disappeared, and they became red and soft again.

"'Dey must cover de face wid wraps all de rest of de day,' was Bateese's parting injunction as he left them to return to his own sleigh.

"We are lucky in having Bateese for a driver. He is usually so amusing with his stories. At first we used to believe all he said. Now we discriminate, and laugh at his tales about bears and things as heartily as he does himself. Speaking of bruin reminds me that I saw wild bears for the first time yesterday. Harold was with me. The Colonel's sleigh as usual was just in front of ours; and, as our horses slowly ascended a steep hill on the curve, we saw a big black bear with two little cubs sitting on her haunches right in the road.

"Sir George's horses reared, while the men in his sleigh picked up their guns and fired. The old bear dropped but the little ones were not hurt and, instead of running away, they cuddled beside their dead mother. Such a pitiful sight! Some of the men clamoured

to keep the cubs for mascots, and the habitants declared that the journey would be lucky if they did. I was glad when the Colonel gave his consent, for I hated the idea of killing the cunning little things; if left without their mother they would surely die. So two of the sleighs stayed behind for a time to skin and dress the bear, for it was so much added to our larder; and also to fix a box to put the little cubs in.

"So last night we had roast bear for supper. It has a strong taste, but as I am getting well and hungry again, I relished it as a change from our regular diet.

"Harold was telling me afterwards that one of the cubs is male and the other female; and that the two companies are to have one apiece. The funniest part of it is that they christened them both with singaree—one to be called Helen and the other Manning. I knew the officers were very kind, but I never suspected that the soldiers cared a button for me. Pshaw! There's a tear on my paper. I wonder where it came from?"

TO BE CONTINUED



AN INTROSPECTION

BY L. H. SCHRAM

WHEN life appears a chaos,
 When all happiness seems past,
 When your molehills turn to mountains
 Overshadowing and vast;
 If you'll but with calm reflection
 Take a retrospective view
 Of the years of joy and sorrow
 You've already travelled through;
 Then this truth perforce must strike you,
 As the Past its page unfolds—
 That the dreading of the Future
 Mars the joy the Present holds.



The PRIDE of the RACE

By Theodore Roberts

AUTHOR OF "HEMMING, THE ADVENTURER"

Illustrations drawn by
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THAT the Hon. James Selkirk was poor, was well known by more than his intimates—that he was proud was never suspected of him, until a girl found it out, to her consternation. In more ways than one he was a remarkable youth. He had never broken the heart of either of his parents. He was on the best terms with his elder brothers, and from the heir frequently borrowed such sums of money as that gentleman could afford to lend him. Though he had held a commission in an infantry regiment, he had never been cashiered. Though he arrived in New York very quietly, he was not under the shadow of any sort of disgrace.

The one letter of introduction which the Hon. James Selkirk brought ashore in the pocket of his tweed jacket, was to a very humble person—a bachelor without an automobile, whom one of his brothers had once met in Berlin. Within a week of the landing of this son of two earls, he was known to half-a-dozen young men as "Jim Selkirk." He shared a suite of rooms near Washington Square, with the man to whom he had brought the introduction. He speedily improved his poker play. He learned to blow the dust out of his cigar before lighting it, and became an adept at main-

taining an upright position in a street car without clinging to the straps or clutching at the faces of his fellow-passengers. He was interested in the work of his suite-mate, which was the reading of multitudinous manuscripts in the office of a publishing house. He even added to his friend's work, without profit to anyone. For more than a month he lived modestly and merrily.

One night Benson, the publisher's literary adviser, took him to a small affair in a big studio. That was the beginning of it. He was dragged here and there, usually resisting, but always tempted by the chance of a waltz. Each last place seemed more desirable (to the person who dragged him) than the place before. The rumour of his ancestors went abroad. At last, with chagrin rather than surprise depicted on his open countenance, he landed on the warm side of the Bailey-Bancott's door. And there he met Elizabeth Fulton Van Dymple, and fell openly in love with her before he realised the full significance of her name. Elizabeth smiled back, and made him think that American girls were "awfully decent to strange johnnies," for she knew all about the two earls and four baronets. She waltzed as he knew she would, and his heart warmed toward everyone in the room.

As the days passed Selkirk perceived a coolness growing up between himself and his six first friends. This pained him, and like an honest Englishman he asked Benson what the trouble was. But Benson only laughed,

and replied that there was no trouble. One night, while five of them were playing poker, the chilly something in the air got too much for Selkirk.

"Why are you chaps beginning to treat me like a dashed outsider?" he asked.

"Far from it, my lord," said Hickson, with a thin smile.

"Shut up, Hickson," said young Jones, and looking at Selkirk he continued, "You see, Jim, we all got fond of you, and now we don't like to have you lured away from us, by the rich and the great."

Selkirk laughed.

"Hickson, I'll trouble you for three cards—aces preferred—and a cigarette," he said. He lit the cigarette and scowled at the cards, while the others watched him. "I have made seven what I really consider friends, in New York," he continued, slowly, "and you chaps know six of them. The seventh in number, and I must confess the first in order, I have never mentioned to a soul before now. It is she who represents, to me, the rich and the great. She is rich in beauty, and she is great in everything. My children, I, poor as I am, have lost my heart—have let it go without a struggle. If she will marry me, very likely the governor will give me charge of four or five farms, so that I may support a wife."

He grinned, and blushed. His friends shook his hands and patted his back. The cynical Hickson begged his pardon. Then they all put on their hats and crossed the avenue to a place where champagne could be purchased and enjoyed.

"Can't you give us the lady's name—we'll keep it close," said one of his friends. They lifted their glasses, expectantly. Selkirk whispered her name. A smile went round the table.

"My son," said Benson, "there will be no need of troubling your governor; Miss Van Dymple has a farm of her own, and our offices are situated in one corner of it."

Jim's confusion seemed sincere, but Higgins laughed incredulously. "Don't let a little thing like that spoil the romantic affair," he said.

The Englishman stared at the wine for a moment. "I won't," he said, "if I can help it."

Selkirk went to the lady next day, mounted on a chestnut mare with three white stockings, and looking his best in breeches and boots. They had a date to ride in the park. After a short

canter he drew up beside her, so close that with his toe he could have touched her hackney's elbow.

"I heard yesterday that you are frightfully rich," he said, blushing crimson.



ELIZABETH FULTON VAN DYMPLE

She laughed.

"And you never guessed it?" she asked.

"I should have, of course," he said, "but I never thought about it, and—and I had the gall to—to love you."

The Honourable James was young, and he stared at the ears of his hired mare as if he thought of having them changed.

"Don't hustle Peter or he'll bolt," she warned him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and drew off.

They walked their horses for awhile, in silence. Smiling, with heightened colour, she watched him out of the corners of her grey-blue eyes.

"Did I interrupt you?" she asked.

Again he urged his mare to closer quarters.

"Do you know how poor I am?" he said, bending toward her. Their gazes met and lingered, and she read him to the bottom of his manly heart. He could see only the melting beauty of iris and pupil.

"Yes," she replied, "I knew that—before—I loved you."

Of course some people—mostly reporters—were surprised at Miss Elizabeth Van Dymple. But others considered the love-choice of a respectable, able-bodied younger son much better form than the purchase of a title. Old Van Dymple was one of the latter.

For almost a month's time the world was a place of roses and gold lights to James Selkirk. He loved her and was loved by her in return. To him alone, the sweet surrender of those incomparable lips; the delirious caress of those immaculate hands. To him alone, the message of those superb eyes—now commanding, and again all tenderness.

For him the laughter, the welcome, the companionship, the unembarrassed touch of the fair young body and the elusive fragrance of the coiled hair. Then came Satan, in a shape he knew not, to his Garden of Delight. The lady did not approve of his friends—of Benson, and Higgins, and the others who had welcomed him to New

York. She snubbed one of them, cruelly, before his wondering eyes. Perhaps he was stupid. Perhaps he was not careful enough about his associates, as she kindly informed him. However it was, he could not understand.

"What did he do, to deserve that at your hands?" he asked. "His face was clean—his coat was all right. He didn't stir his tea with his fingers."

She tried to explain his friend's social insignificance.

"But he's a gentleman, even if you go only by the world's measure," he argued, sorely puzzled. "I happen to know that his governor is a parson—an Archdeacon, no less—and Horton himself is a scholar, and makes a decent living."

At last, vexed by his persistency in refusing to look upon (or away from) his former friends with her eyes, she remarked (with a note in her voice that she had scarcely intended) that perhaps their standards for such things were not the same.

"Mine are the standards of—of my people," he replied, crimson to the roots of his blonde hair.

When Benson returned to his rooms, that night, late from a Bohemian supper, he found his English friend at the writing-table, with his face on his folded arms.

Three years passed, and at the end of that time Miss Elizabeth Fulton Van Dymple married the richest man in the Van Dymple set. Howard Cummings was good-looking, and as accomplished as he was wealthy and fortunate. Elizabeth was quite sure that she was very happy. She often told herself so, as if to impress the fact on her mind. In the way of a bridal trip they determined to do something out of the ordinary. They were both weary of Europe. So Cummings had his schooner-yacht victualled and manned, and on the day following the wedding, with a maid of honour and the best man for company, they set sail for the great salmon rivers of the North. The



"Yes," she replied, "I knew that—before—I loved you."

voyage northward was made in safety, for the *Polly* was big and comfortable, and a fine sea boat. They coasted Newfoundland (putting in at a rock-girt harbour every night), crossed the Strait from Cape Bauld to Henly Head, and continued their northing along the Labrador. At last they reached the purple and gray country of good fishing.

One morning, while Mr. and Mrs. Cummings were alone, whipping a pool about a mile in from the land-wash, Cummings stumbled over an alder root, and in his fall splintered the lancewood tip of his rod. Neither of them had brought extra tips; in fact they had even jointed their rods aboard the yacht, for when the flies are feeding on "the Larboardor," one does not want to dally with fishing tackle.

It requires all one's nerve and fly-dope to keep the keenest angler ashore long enough to cast a fly.

After swearing mildly, and lighting his pipe inside his headdress of gauze, Mr. Cummings suggested that they return to the schooner together. But at that moment the lady hooked a fish. With an exclamation of disgust the man started back for the coast. It hurt him to see other people catching fish, especially when he himself was without a rod.

Mrs. Cummings played her prize desperately for about twenty minutes. Then she lost it, and was very angry, though really the fish was not to blame. She examined the cast with a wise air, and, as far as she knew, found the flies intact. Upon lifting her eyes from the gaudy lures, she uttered a

little cry of dismay. A wave of white fog had stolen in from the sea, and now rolled up the valley of the river, and across the wide barrens. Already the "rattle" below the pool at which she fished was cloaked with the crawling mist. Behind her, the sun still shone on the brown and rugged wilderness, and empurpled the low hills beyond. In the sunlight, as in the fog, there was no stir of life. Even the black flies and mosquitoes had fallen to quiet and silence. Across the expectant air floated the plaintive cry of a snipe. Between the emptiness of the wide barrens and the awful approach of the fog, Elizabeth trembled with apprehension. Dropping her rod, and wrenching the mosquito guard from her hat brim, she set out toward the fog and the coast. But the way was rough along the river. The fog drew about her like a white midnight, and in the first hundred yards of her journey she stumbled twice. She held a little to the left, deciding to keep clear of the hollows and tangles of brush along the stream. When she reached the more level footing of the barren she again altered her course, reshaping it for the coast, as she fondly imagined. But she possessed not a trace of the wilderness instinct. She even forgot to mark, and be guided by, the noise of the swift water. She came to a clump of spruce-tuck—not seeing it until the stunted, unyielding branches tore at her face and clothes. After skirting this dismal obstruction, she ascended a knoll of moss and granite boulders. From the summit, before her stumbling feet, a covey of willow grouse puffed up and hurtled into the fog. Sobbing from fear and fatigue, she sank upon a bed of moss and part-ridge berries, in the shelter of a towering rock. Away from her kind—crouched against the ground—hidden in the fog—she, who had prided herself on her courage, learned that she was an arrant coward.

Suddenly Mrs. Cummings sprang to her feet, and screamed long and shrill. Something had sniffed at her elbow,

and she had seen the flash of red-brown fur. A fox—yes, she knew it was only a fox, but then how noiselessly it had slid out of the fog. Perhaps it had thought she was dead? She clutched the rock and trembled.

"Hullo, there," came a voice, muffled and faint across the fog.

"This way," she cried.

"Sit tight," shouted another voice, strangely familiar.

Presently she heard footsteps, and two figures loomed in the smoking allies of the fog. She sprang to meet them. Her right foot turned on a rounded stone, and with a cry of pain she fell forward on her hands and knees.

She must have lost consciousness for a few seconds. Then she felt strong arms lift her from the ground. Her foot hurt frightfully. She moaned with the pain of it. "Good lord!" exclaimed a voice close to her face. She opened her eyes, and behold, it was Jim Selkirk who carried her.

"Jim," she cried, "is it really you?"

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Cummings?" he replied. He was always stupid.

"Did you come all the way to the end of the world to save me?" she asked, softly.

Selkirk looked into the fog. "Pierre," he said, "I wish you would close in a bit, in case I should come a cropper." The other man, who had been a few paces to the rear, stumbled to his side.

Now he glanced down at the face of the woman in his arms. He did not smile. Not a flicker of the old light sprang awake in his eyes. Then he answered her question.

"Well, not exactly. We are on a government survey—came through from Quebec. Major Weston is in command, and a brace of scientists are along with us. Pierre and I were looking for our camp when we heard you call."

Mrs. Cummings wanted to cry. Her ankle pained her horribly.

"I did not know—you were still on this side of the water," she said, weakly.

"I am a constable in the North-

west Mounted Police," replied Selkirk.

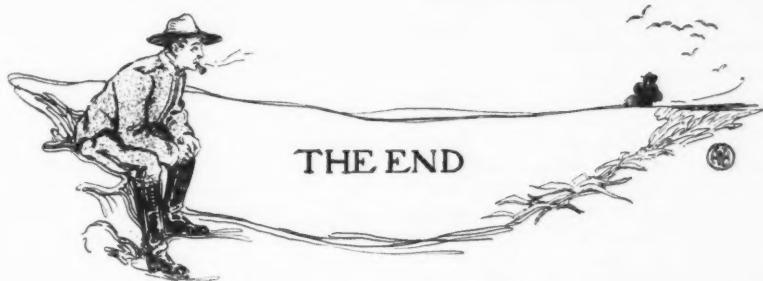
For a long time they continued their journey in silence. At last Selkirk paused and leaned forward, listening. "I hear the boat," he said; and Elizabeth, looking up at him, saw the colour fade from his face. Pierre nodded.

"Now, Pierre," he continued, "you carry the lady down to the shore and see her safe in charge of her friends, and I'll wait for you here."

As Mrs. Cummings was passed gently into Pierre's arms, she stifled the protest that leapt from her heart

and burnt against her lips. She closed her eyes—tight—tight.

"I hope your ankle will soon be right," said Selkirk. His voice was low, but it did not tremble. She made no answer. The half-breed trooper had carried her only a dozen yards or so, when the scent of tobacco smoke reached her on the fog. How bitterly she smiled, knowing that her old lover was unconcernedly puffing at his pipe while he awaited his comrade's return. But at that moment her knowledge of Jim Selkirk was even less than it had ever been.



THE DESPAIR OF SANDY MACINTOSH

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

IT was a windy, blustery day of early spring. The snow still lay in the shaded hollows, but the sunny spaces were showing green. The sky, which had lost its distant winter blueness, was softer and nearer to earth. The roads were a quagmire bordered by little rivulets of icy water, but an early robin sang from somewhere near, and the clear, pure air had a tang in it which made the blood leap gladly.

The minister of the Presbyterian kirk at Embro stepped out of the manse door with a song on his lips, to the tune of which he carefully picked his way through the many puddles which lay across his garden walk. But though he sang his mind was

occupied with weighty matters, and Sandy MacIntosh lay heavily upon his conscience. Speaking as a philosopher, he considered Sandy in the light of a cross which must be borne. Speaking as a man, he admitted that he liked Sandy; but speaking as a minister, there could be no doubt that Sandy was a terrible scandal in the kirk. Only in this matter he and his elders saw not eye to eye. The elders were used to Sandy. For forty years he had carried the "Book" before the minister with stately step and reverend mien. What if it was true that he took a "wee droppie;" better men than he have their little weakness, and if, as a matter of fact, he was guided home from the "Rising Sun" every Saturday night, it was never said of Sandy

that he had to be carried, and Sunday morning always saw him clothed and in his right mind ready to carry the "Book" with steady step.

When it was at last decided that the session of Embro kirk should extend a call to the Rev. Robert MacPherson, B.A., there were a few who shook their heads.

"He iss a ferry fine lad," said Elder Mackay, judicially, "and herself will not pe sayin' he iss not a ferry fine preacher, but he iss not speakin' the Gaelic."

"He iss speakin' the Word," rejoined a brother elder, solemnly; "it iss to our hearts he will pe speakin' it."

"Och, yes," agreed Elder Mackay, "but her heart would pe likin' the Gaelic pest."

Before long, however, even Elder Mackay realised that the minister was making a grand fight of it. He had come determined to win a place for himself in the warm, sturdy Highland hearts, and winning it he was. A fine, strong, brave young man the Rev. Mr. MacPherson, grave beyond his years, as befits a minister who takes his calling seriously, full of faith and hope and good works, sure of his doctrine and his God as only a Scottish Presbyterian minister, in times now a little out of date, could be sure. Of the Gaelic he knew enough to use in his prayer, but not enough to attempt a Gaelic sermon until he had been minister of Embro kirk for many years. Yet, as the feeling of distrust amongst the congregation began to wear away, the minister himself began to feel less sure of his ground. As the Highlanders trusted him more and began to know him better, he found that, though a Highlander himself by birth, there was much about them that he did not understand. His education had not been among his own people, and he could not but find that in many things his view-point was very different from theirs, and realised that much adjusting must be done. So he was going slowly and feeling his way.

In the matter of the advisability of Sandy MacIntosh continuing to carry

he "Book," he had been feeling his way for some time with little success. He was a man of strictest purity of life himself; he hated sin with what he was fond of describing as a "Godly hatred," and he could not reconcile it to his conscience that a "drunkard" should carry the "Book." In this he knew that he had not the support of his elders. To them the word "drunkard" could not apply to any man who came soberly to kirk on Sabbath and listened to the sermon with proper attention and discernment. To his Highland members Sandy was a man who "would pe takin' more than would pe good for herself," and by the Lowland folk he was described as apt to "taste a wee oor muckle."

As for Sandy himself, well, it was of Sandy himself that the minister was thinking as he tip-toed over the mud puddles on that blustery morning. He had decided to speak to Sandy. He was on his way now to Sandy's home. He would be mild, but firm—he would—ah, there was the subject of his thoughts now, coming from the usual direction of the "Rising Sun," jogging along beside his old blind horse, across whose saddle was lying a bag of potatoes and a small, suspicious looking keg.

"Caught in the act," thought the minister, with a feeling very much like triumph.

Sandy on his part was surprised to feel a trifle sheepish. Not that he was ashamed of the spirituous burden carried by old Nancy, but because the minister's absurd prejudice about "whuskey" was well known. So, entirely for Mr. MacPherson's sake, he sought to avoid a collision which might prove embarrassing to the minister.

"It is a fine morning, Sandy," began the minister, bringing old Nancy to a standstill by a firm hold upon the bridle.

"She would pe takin' home a few small potatoes," said Sandy in an explanatory tone, going straight to the point at issue.

"Yes, but the keg, Sandy—what is in the keg?"

To gain time, Sandy produced his snuff box and, after tapping it nervously, offered it to the minister.

"Och, the wee keggie," said he cheerfully, "Och, nossing—nossing at all—a bit whuskey whateffer."

There was an awful pause. Sandy's eye fell before the minister's and Sandy's feet began to shuffle. Guileless innocence was not going to work this time. Wildly he cast about in his mind for a reason—any reason which would satisfactorily explain the presence of the wee keggie. His eye fell upon the potato sack.

"Whuskey and small potatoes," he began slowly, then with a burst of confidence—

"Whuskey and small potatoes would pe good for the measles."

The minister sternly repressed a desire to laugh. Ordinary men might find Sandy's subterfuge delightful, but in the pursuit of his duty he was not as other men.

"This must cease, Sandy," said he firmly. "I cannot and will not countenance it any longer."

"God forbid!" said Sandy, greatly shocked. "It iss not herself that would be asking you, Maister Mac-a-ferson."

"But can't you understand that as long as I permit you to continue in your service at the kirk that I am countenancing it. You must surely see that, Sandy." There was real distress in the minister's tone.

"She would not pe understanding, but she would not pe likin' to be vexin' you, Maister Mac-a-ferson," said Sandy in conciliatory tones.

"Then will you promi to do better, Sandy—not to—not to—visit the wee keggie too often?"

"Och, yes, indeed, she'll no do that whateffer," said Sandy, earnestly; "she would not pe tastin' more nor would pe good for herself."

And with this the minister was forced to be content.

But it so happened that that very Saturday night the minister himself, returning late from a sick bed, was the disgusted spectator of Sandy's nocturnal home-bringing.

Sandy had not broken his word. His interpretation of what was "good for herself" was different from the minister's, that was all. But Mr. MacPherson did not realise that the fault lay in his own narrow notion of how much a hard Scotch head can stand and be "none the worse whateffer." And so it happened that while Sandy slept the sound sleep due to a "wee droppie" and a clear conscience, the minister sat in his study and composed a new sermon on the text "Without are drunkards."

This was a sermon talked of for many a day by those gentle-minded Lowlanders who had the privilege of hearing it, as "fut tae mak' the hair stan' on yer heid," and even the stolid Highlanders admitted that as a discourse it was "ferry powerful whateffer."

Indeed the stern young minister spoke from the depths of his heart and it was not his fault if those depths were severely Calvinistic. He felt himself filled with holy fire, a chosen vessel for the warning and rebuke of an endangered Israel. The hot words poured from his lips, he forgot that he was young and inexperienced and that he had determined to go slowly and feel his way. He only remembered that he was the minister of God and these were his people of whose spiritual welfare he must give account, and the congregation heard him gladly, rejoicing to know that the "meenister was speakin oot."

After the service Mr. MacPherson waited awhile in the session room, lingering in the hope that Sandy, a repentant sinner, might wish a word with him. And Sandy came.

Very warmly he grasped the minister by the hand, though this was a salute almost unknown among the undemonstrative Highlanders.

"Och, Maister Mac-a-ferson," said he in frankest admiration, "it wass a fine stirrin' word that you wass givin' us, och, yes. But herself was sinking that if there wass anyone that would pe given to tastin' more than wass good for herself she would

not pe feelin' ferry comfortable, what-
ffer."

When Sandy was gone the minister sat down by his open Bible and laughed a little hysterically. Perhaps it was the reaction of the morning enthusiasm.

It was that day with the black reaction upon him that he spoke of his trouble to Alexander Morrison, one of the wildest yet most sympathetic of the younger portion of his flock.

"The elders wont see it, and Sandy can't see it," he complained, "but everybody else sees it—and it is a scandal in the kirk."

And Alick was very sympathetic, saying that surely it could not last much longer; and, as he said it, in his mischievous, hair-brained head a plan grew, for Alick was very fond of the minister and Sandy was an old enemy of his not far distant youth. This plan of his was a fine plan: it would at once relieve the minister of the reproach of Sandy's carrying the "Book," and would provide for himself amusement and revenge.

So it chanced that no one, with the exception of one conscience-stricken scamp, ever knew what made poor Sandy's one wee drap so unusually potent upon a certain Sabbath morning. None could guess the cause but the effect was patent to everyone. Elder Mackay said afterwards that he "saw somesing wass wrong when Sandy came in wis the 'Book' and wass 'ferry sankful that the meenister would not pe noticin."

The sermon that morning was upon the text "His own received Him not," and the minister was at his best. His voice, always low though clear and sweet, was to-day deeper and more tender than was usual. The congregation listened with awe and reverence to what was to them indeed and in truth the Word of the Lord. They never for an instant doubted that the Lord was in His Holy Temple. I have been in many churches and listened to many services but I have never found the atmosphere of reverent worship which I remember in the old frame

Presbyterian kirk where our fathers met their God.

Into the midst of this solemn quiet, through which the low voice of the minister spoke to the hearts of his hearers, broke a terrific snore, then another, then another, then a crash, for the violence of the last snore had lifted Sandy bodily from his seat and deposited him upon the floor.

The minister paused, flushed painfully, and then tried to go on mechanically with his sermon. But he had lost himself. Again and again he broke, and finally, bringing his words to a hurried conclusion, came down from the pulpit and vanished into the session room.

From the first snore everybody knew that Sandy's fate was sealed. They had no sympathy or consideration for him now. He had disgraced himself and defiled the kirk and shamed the minister. Never again would he carry the "Book" with stately step and reverend mien. His service in the House of God was over.

The congregation dismissed that morning without the singing of the usual psalm. They went out slowly, saying little, leaving Sandy slumbering upon the floor. Presently the minister issued from the session room and walked quickly away, speaking to no one. His heart was full of Godly rage towards poor, misguided Sandy.

Of Sandy, when he awoke in the deserted kirk I may not tell. After a few minutes' thought and remembrance he came to himself and his heart knew its own bitterness. No one would have recognised in the shrunken, shamed man who crept out of the side entrance and hurried away, the fine, erect officer of Embro kirk. By many side ways he reached his home and, without a look around, went in and closed the door.

Two weeks afterwards came Elder Mackay to the minister.

"I would be speaking aboot Sandy," began the elder without preliminaries.

"I refuse to discuss the subject," said the minister coldly.

But the elder laid his big hand upon his arm.

"She iss a broken man, Meenister," he said, simply, "and it iss written 'the bruised reed will I not break.'"

The minister was troubled. He knew that his elder must have felt deeply to have said so much. For the first time in the two weeks he felt a little distrustful as to the Godliness of his rage; perhaps, after all, he might—

"Where is he?" he asked abruptly.

"She will pe at home," said Elder Mackay briefly, knowing that he had won his point.

"I will see him," said the minister, and taking their hats the two set off in the direction of Sandy's cottage. The minister alone went in.

There was a low fire in the little stove which had replaced the oldtime fireplace and over it a man was bending, a man who was old and bowed and who did not glance up as the door opened. The last trace of the minister's Godly rage vanished before that silent despair.

"Sandy," he said kindly; "haven't you a word for me?"

"She would pe pleased to see you, Maister Mac-a-ferson," said Sandy in an expressionless tone, rising painfully to place a chair in his old reverential fashion.

"You don't look well, Sandy," said the minister sympathetically.

"She is not ferry weel," replied Sandy dully.

Then the minister took the bull by the horns.

"When are you coming back to the kirk, Sandy?" he asked, and no one in the congregation would have been more surprised than himself as he said it.

A spasm passed over Sandy's face, leaving it duller than before. And for the first time the minister noticed the whiskey jug beside him on the floor. Sandy did not answer.

"We were very sorry for what happened—" began the minister, and then he stopped, feeling uneasy, like a man who has referred to another's shame before his own face.

"When are you coming back, Sandy?" he asked again.

Then Sandy lifted his face and looked at him with the look of a man condemned.

"Let us pray," said the minister, who felt that in the face of the man's trouble he was powerless. He stood and prayed, then he sat down and spoke again kindly, encouragingly, even entreatingly, but all his efforts were as fruitless as if he had beat his hand against a rock.

It was a minister with a white, exhausted face who left Sandy's door that day and joined the elder outside. The two men walked for a while in silence. Then the elder asked nervously:

"You will haf seen Sandy, Maister Mac-a-ferson?"

"I have seen a man who has lost his self-respect," said the minister with a shudder, "and God forbid that I should ever see another."

The elder said no more, but he put his sympathy in a handclasp as they parted.

Every day the minister visited Sandy MacIntosh, until Sandy's death, which occurred some weeks later, and was hastened, as the doctor said, by immoderate drinking. If that were so, and he sought relief in drinking, it was certain that he did not find it, for not once was his brain stupefied into forgetfulness. The heartsick minister toiled as he had never toiled before to win the man back to his self-respect, to give him some hope, all without avail. Sandy spoke little, and seldom at all to the purpose.

"She will haf disgraced the kirk," was all that he would ever say. And to all the minister's pleading of extenuating circumstances, of infinite mercy and goodness, of hope for everyone, of the experience of the thief upon the cross, he had but the one answer:

"She will haf disgraced the kirk."

That was all, save once, when he was dying, and the minister hung above him with a prayer upon his lips, Sandy's haunted eyes opened and his gaunt hand pointed somewhere into the darkness—

"Without are drunkards!" he said, and fell back dead.

A STREET SCENE IN RUSSIA

From "Chameleon" By A. CHEKHOV



CROSSING the market-place goes Police-Inspector Ochoumilov. Wrapped in his cloak of military cut, he might be officialism personified. And to increase the illusion, behind him strides a constable carrying a sieve piled high with confiscated gooseberries. Not a soul is to be seen in the Square; even the beggars have vanished; and the open doors of shops and taverns gape empty at the sunshine.

"You infamous cur! So you bite—do you?"

At the sudden outcry, Ochoumilov and the constable wheel sharply.

"Hi, there! Catch him! Catch him! Don't let him escape! Yah!" And there follows a yelping, as of an animal in pain. Then, limping pitifully on three legs, a dog dashes out from Pichogin's wood-yard. A headlong figure follows, cotton blouse and waistcoat flying in the chase. In his mad haste this person stumbles, and, measuring his length on the ground, grabs the dog by a hind leg. Again there is a yelping and a confusion of cries. Sleepy faces are thrust from the shops, and, as if by magic, a crowd springs into being and hurries towards the wood-yard.

"Seemingly a disturbance, your Honour," remarks the discreet constable.

Close to the gate of the yard the man in the unbuttoned waistcoat is showing his hand. One of the fingers is bloody. Short shrift for the dog if he gets *his* way! Already the finger is waving, like a flag of victory, as he advertises his wrongs to the people. The Inspector recognises him as Henkin, the goldsmith.

Meanwhile, in the middle of the crowd, trembling pitifully, and offering a conciliatory paw to anyone who will shake it, sits the author of all the commotion, a white borzoi puppy with a

very pointed nose, and a yellow mark on his back. His eyes are full of terror.

"What's all this?" demands Ochoumilov, shouldering his way towards the dog.

"Look at my hand, your Honour," begins the goldsmith, nearly inarticulate with rage. "I went—I touched nothing, your Honour—to Mitrii Mitrievitch for some wood, and that monster set on me! Look at my finger! Mine is a delicate trade, and my hand will be useless for a week. It is not the law, your Honour, for every cur to bite."

"H'm——" remarks the inspector, his eyebrows moving unpleasantly. "Whose is the dog? It's high time to draw attention to this sort of thing! The owner of this dog has infringed a by-law, and must learn what the law means by 'roving cattle.' I fancy he'll find the term includes his mongrels! Eldirin"—turning to the constable—"summons the owner, and kill the dog at once—it's mad. Whose is the dog, I ask?"

"General Zigalov's," said a voice in the crowd.

"General Zigalov's? H'm. Eldirin, take my cloak—it has got abominably hot suddenly! Now, there is just one thing I cannot understand, Henkin." And the Inspector turned sharply upon him. "How could that little dog *reach* your finger? Such a puppy would never attack a great hulking fellow like you! You tore your hand on a nail, and then thought to wreak your annoyance on the dog. I know you!"

"Your Honour, it happened in this way," said a bystander, coming forward. "He put his cigarette in the puppy's face, for a joke. He's a bit of a wag, yer Honour! And the dog snapped at him. There's the whole story in a nutshell!"

"You've invented it—you liar! His

Honour, being a wise man, can see for himself you are lying. He knows when people are speaking the truth—as I'm doing! If I'm lying, let the magistrates decide. All are equal in the law, and I've a brother in the police force. If you want to know—

"Shut up!"—interposed the constable. "That's not the General's dog. He doesn't keep borzois; his kennels are for pointers."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Ochoumilov.

"Positive, your Honour."

"I believe you. The General's dogs, at least, are thoroughbred; while this beast is a mongrel—no coat—no manners! The General wouldn't keep such a cur; they're crazy to suppose it! If this had happened in Petersburg, or Moscow, the beast would have been destroyed by now—and without consulting anybody! However, since you have been injured, Henkin, I shall not allow the affair to stop here. One must set things to rights. It is high time—"

"All the same, the dog is the General's," insisted the voice in the crowd—"it's not written in the animal's face, but I saw one exactly like it in his courtyard the other day."

"Of course, it is the General's," declared another bystander.

"H'm. Give me my cloak, Eldirin. How the wind is rising—it's quite cold." Ochoumilov was visibly perturbed. "Eldirin, you will take the dog to the General's house. Ask there. Say I found and sent him. And tell them not to let him run in the street. If he's valuable, and every pig pokes a cigar up his nose, it won't take long to disfigure him. You great block-head"—turning on the goldsmith—

"put down your idiotic hand. It's no use showing your finger. Your own fault entirely."

At that moment, the General's cook was seen coming round the corner. The Inspector looked relieved. "I'll ask him. Wait a minute, Eldirin. Hi, Drobar! Do you know this dog? Is he yours?"

"Ours? What an idea! Never had such a creature in our kennels."

"Then that settles it. The dog is a stray mongrel. No need to waste more words. If I say he is mongrel, he *is* a mongrel! Take and kill him at once, Eldirin. There, that's all." And Ochoumilov turned on his heel.

"The dog is not ours," continued Drobar, as if there had been no interruption. "He belongs to the General's brother, Vladimir Ivanovitch, who came the other day. The General doesn't keep borzois, but his brother has a fancy for them."

"Heavens! Vladimir Ivanovitch here!" exclaimed Ochoumilov, his face aglow with pleasure. "Has he come to stay?"

"On a visit, yes."

"And to think I never knew! I'm glad no harm came to his puppy. Take him, Drobar. He's right enough—a little playful, that's all. He bit that fellow's finger—showed his sense, as well as his teeth, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Why are you trembling so, puppy? I declare the rascal's quite cross. Good dog, then! Hi! good dog!"

Drobar called to the borzoi, and the two went out of the wood-yard. The crowd, having nothing to do, began to chaff the goldsmith. And Ochoumilov, followed by the constable, continued his walk across the market-place.



CANADIAN VS. UNITED STATES ENGINEERS

AND SOME RAILWAY HISTORY

By JAMES JOHNSTON



T will be remembered that, in May of last year, the government appointed Judge Winchester a commissioner to inquire into the alleged employment of aliens by or on behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Many complaints had been made to the Minister of Labour that Canadian and British subjects were being excluded from the survey work of the proposed national trans-continental railway. As a result of these, a Royal Commission was appointed, and pursued its investigations. The report of the Commissioner is now published.

The results of the investigation were published from time to time in the press, and are familiar to most of those interested. It was shown that a Canadian was offered the position of Assistant Chief Engineer at \$4,000, and when he refused it, it was given to a United States engineer at \$7,500. Many of the assistant engineers were United States citizens, and few Canadians were given an opportunity. As a consequence of the interim reports of the Commissioner, twenty-four persons were reported for deportation under the alien labour laws. The conclusion of the Commissioner is as follows:

"As the result of the evidence taken before me during the investigation I am of opinion that there was no earnest endeavour made to obtain Canadian engineers for the location of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway by those having authority to employ such; that had such an effort been made there would have been no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number capable not only of locating, but of constructing the whole work. In the word 'engi-

neers' I include all from the chief engineer and harbour engineer to the transitmen, draughtsmen, levellers and topographers. There was, however, a very earnest desire to obtain American engineers for the work, and in some cases applications were made to the heads of other railway companies to relieve men for the purpose of having them brought to Canada to be employed on this road. I have already stated the number of American engineers so employed. I find also from the evidence that the Canadian engineers are not inferior to the American engineers for the work in question, but having a superior knowledge of the country, they are better qualified for that work. I also desire to state that the Canadian engineers are not asking for protection for themselves, but merely desire that no discrimination be made against them. That discrimination has been made against them, in my opinion, there is no doubt."

Not the least interesting of the testimony presented in that report, is that of Sir Sandford Fleming. Sir Sandford organised and directed the surveys of the Intercolonial before Confederation; and was continued as engineer-in-chief to design and direct its construction by the Federal authorities. In 1871 he was appointed to conduct exploratory surveys for the railway which it was proposed to build across the newly acquired territory from the Ottawa to British Columbia, and was subsequently charged with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a government work.

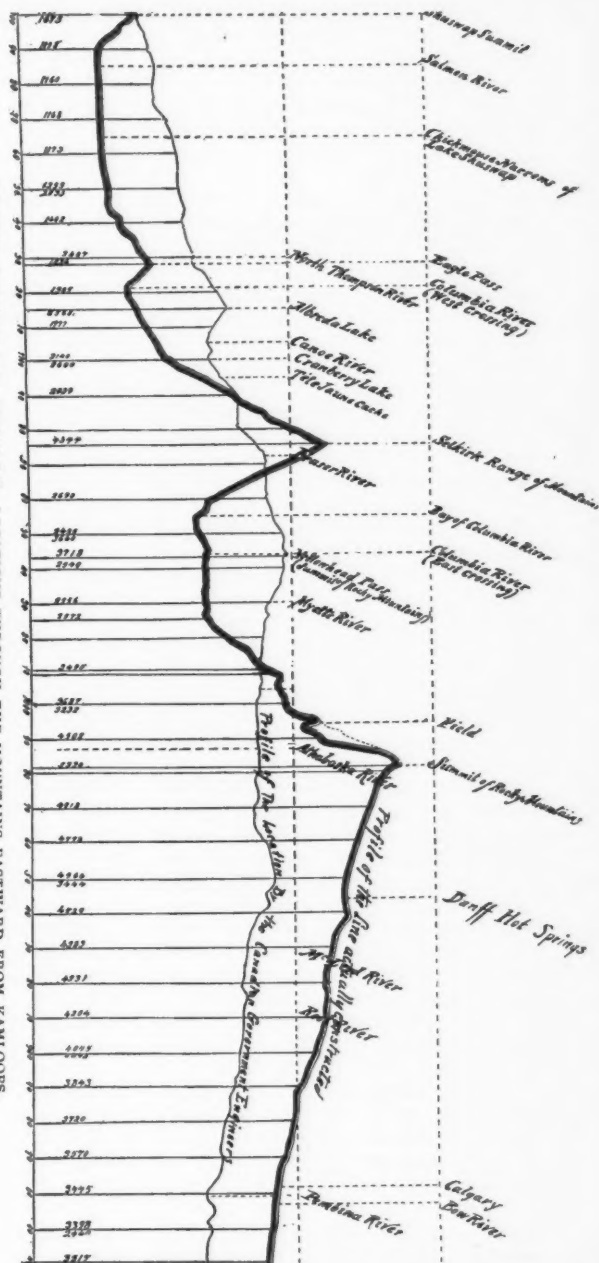
It may be well to recall that Sir John Macdonald's government went down in 1873 because of the Pacific scandal—the name of the historical event resulting from the first deal be-

tween a government and a transcontinental railway company. In 1874, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's government passed an act authorising him to borrow £8,000,000, aided by an Imperial guarantee for a portion of it. This was to enable him to build the "Canadian Pacific Railway" from a point near to or south of Lake Nipissing to some point in British Columbia on the Pacific Coast. It was to be built by private contracts under government supervision. In 1875, work was begun at Thunder Bay on Lake Superior, and a line was pushed through nearly to Winnipeg. Mr. Mackenzie was defeated in 1878, and Sir John Macdonald returned to power. He continued the work with variations in the route. He built nearly a hundred miles westward from the Red River and about the same length of line in British Columbia.

In 1879, the famous syndicate was formed to take over the line from the government, and it was given the three partially completed sections: Lake Superior to Emerson,

The shaded line indicates the profile of the line constructed; the other is the profile of the line located by the Canadian Government Engineers before 1880

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TWO C.P.R. LOCATIONS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS EASTWARD FROM KAMLOOPS,



Emerson to St. Boniface, and Burrard's Inlet, B.C., to Savona's Ferry, on Kamloops lake.

This explains why the work was in charge of Sir Sandford Fleming until 1880, and not afterwards. The new company employed its own engineers. With this explanation, Sir Sandford's evidence before the Commissioner will be better understood. It throws a most interesting historical sidelight on the building of the Canadian Pacific through the Rockies. In part, he said:

"All the engineers under me on the Intercolonial, the Newfoundland and the Canadian Pacific Railway explorations, location surveys, or construction, were Canadians. Some were born in the United Kingdom, but all were British subjects, and all were residents in Canada or in some portion of British North America when they were engaged. Such engineers were quite equal in ability, and generally speaking were fully as capable in the performance of their duties as any engineers from the United States whom I have known. No difficulty was experienced in securing Canadian engineering talent forty years ago for the Intercolonial Railway and since then for the Canadian Pacific Railway. A large number of men have gained good experience on these and other lines. The Military College at Kingston and the Canadian Universities have long been training young men for engineering work, and many of them have for years been employed on the survey and construction of railways and other work, and are now quite ready to fill similar positions. I am perfectly satisfied that we have to-day in Canada an ample number of skilled men to carry on and complete the new national railway.

"The work performed by the Canadian engineers on the several undertakings to which I have referred, bears enduring testimony to their attainments. If we turn for a moment to the work of these Canadians between the years 1871 and 1880, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, we

have the very best evidence of the value of their qualifications. Moreover, if we follow the enquiry we are afforded the means of comparing their work with the work accomplished in the same field by engineers from the United States.

"At the close of the period named, the Canadian Pacific Railway was under active construction at both ends and in the middle. An admirable location for it was found through the Rocky Mountain zone with gradients quite as good from end to end as on the railways in a comparatively level country like Ontario. All was accomplished by Canadians, without seeking for the smallest assistance from alien talent.

"We now reach a date when engineers from the United States were called in, and who after controlled the location of a portion of the first trans-continental railway. Fortunately they could make no change in the location of those portions of the line in process of construction by the Government, east of Winnipeg and west of Kamloops; but changes were sought for and made by them with a free hand between Winnipeg and Kamloops. Under the new régime the excellent location of the Canadian engineers was set aside, and on this section a greatly inferior location adopted. Thus it was that the Canadian Pacific Railway has been lowered in its engineering features, especially through the mountains. Thus it was that blemishes of a grave and costly kind have been bequeathed to all future generations, for the blemishes referred to are of a character which time cannot lessen or remove; and thus it is that the daily cost of operating the line for all time has been increased. For these regrettable defects the Canadian engineers are in no way responsible; but to all who know the facts they bring out in striking contrast the results of the labours of the two sets of engineers."

Sir Sandford's testimony is accompanied by a map, which is reproduced here also.



Current Events Abroad.

THESE pages have for months back been chiefly concerned in recounting events in which the Russian Empire has borne a conspicuous part. Nor does there seem any probability that she will soon cease to be an object of interest among the nations of the earth. The interest she formerly excited was that which a vast, proud and aggressive power is sure to occasion amongst her neighbours. What we witness now is her pride brought low, and her aggressiveness signally challenged and punished. Her case stands alone in history, and it is not wonderful that it should be so. A nation which in the twentieth century is still clothed in the social and political habiliments of the twelfth may expect to be thought oddly conspicuous. A great deal has certainly happened to Russia. It would be impossible to imagine a country of such real power in so pitiable a plight. The fleet with which she proposed to dominate the Pacific is at the bottom of the ocean; the fortress with which she proposed to overawe the whole East is pulverised and in the hands of the enemy; the second fleet with which she proposed to regain her prestige is skulking in unknown seas, not daring to go on for fear's sake and not daring to go home for shame's sake; and, last of all, its colossal army, driven in irretrievable defeat towards the mountains, has practically ceased to exist.



And what is the aspect of its subjects towards these disasters? We are told that the Liberals were hoping that the battle of the Shakhe river would be a defeat for Russia, and a defeat so decisive that there would be no doubt about it. A victory would only delay the reforms that are being

pressed for. The internal condition is typified by the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, following on the recent slaughter in the streets of St. Petersburg of the striking workmen and their kindred. It is always considered that the test of a civilised society is its guarantee to the humblest citizen of protection in the enjoyment of his life and property. This common boon Russia cannot guarantee to those who scarcely deem themselves merely human, but arrogate to themselves almost divine sanction and sanctity. Long ago its government was called an autocracy tempered by assassination. The description continues to be fearfully true. It is almost grotesque to speak of the omnipotent autocrat, when he and every one related to him are virtually prisoners in their palaces, and not safe even there, and while notices are posted on their gates that sentence of death has been passed upon them. Two Czars in the last century died by the hand of the assassin, and scarcely one escaped an attempt on his life. Within the past four years half-a-dozen of the instruments of autocracy have been miserably slain. The acceptance of the more ungrateful offices is a short way to an early death.



What will be the final outcome? Matters cannot remain as they are. It has arrived at a point where flesh and blood cannot stand to be crucified any further. The terrible disasters to Russian arms come as an irresistible hammer to break down the barricades that the civil spirit has already undermined and weakened. Intimations have come that the Czar is disposed to make some concessions to the evangel of social and political freedom. But he will be known to history as Nicho-

FIRST ADVANCES

RUSSIAN BEAR (tentatively), "Ahem"—*Punch*

(The latest reports from Russia seem to indicate that peace is in sight. The reasons for it seem almost irresistible).

las the Late. He had his opportunity before his subjects were slaughtered by the soldiers on the streets of every great city within his dominions. He had his chance before his uncle was blown to shreds almost within sight of his wife. What he might have conceded to liberalism he now concedes to what will be interpreted as force and fear.



He is more to be pitied than censured, however. Enmeshed in the Russian system, it would require a great and original character to break out of the net. There are not wanting indications that his tendencies are

humane and even altruistic. In the face of threatened revolution, however, he remembers that the amiable and harmless Louis XVI died on the scaffold, and that his own grandfather, whose heart was full of love for his subjects and concern for their welfare, was assassinated with as little mercy as if he had been the most oppressive of tyrants. What a position to be in! He must crush down his better self in order to maintain traditions that he dimly or clearly apprehends to be wrong. Autocracy, moreover, has been found out. Heredity cannot be depended upon to produce a succession of Peter the Greats. There is no such thing in the world, of course, as a pure autocracy. The Czar is influenced, or perhaps even guided, by the great public servants whom he

chooses, but even these are apt to reflect the weaknesses or shortcomings of their master, and there is no sphere in which honest merit has so little chance of being recognised at its true worth as in the atmosphere of a court. In M. de Witte the Czar has a man who has a right concept of what Russia's policy should be. Internal development was his watchword, but the gentlemen with a spirited foreign policy, if they had not the young Czar's ear, were at least too bold and spirited and too strongly supported by dead Romanoff policy and living Romanoff relations, to be resisted. And they have led him where he is!

Will peace negotiations now be entered on? At the moment of writing the extent of the disaster on the Shakhe river is not known, but it has all the appearance of an irretrievable overthrow. The mere commissariat losses at this time of year are overwhelming. Manchuria must be threadbare, and even the seeding has not been done for another harvest. Manchuria is unquestionably lost to Russia, for, humanly speaking, it could never be again regained. St. Petersburg may make whatever wry faces it pleases, and may postpone the unpleasant avowal of complete defeat for a time, but eventually it will have to take whatever reasonable terms Japan may propose. And however reasonable they may be, they will be an assurance that the Muscovite dream of vast empire in the Far East must remain a dream only. The railway for which such sacrifices were made will run for hundreds of miles through Chinese territory and under neutral control; the Gibraltar, which was to be the impregnable defence of its Pacific terminus, will be in the hands of Japan; the not unnatural hope that Russia would one day control China's myriads must be forever abandoned; and, in short, vast schemes of dominion unequalled since Genghis Khan overran Asia have tumbled down like a house of cards. The reflection that must be a bitter one to Russian statesmen is that the wreck has been caused by a little people whom they chose to treat with haughty contempt, and it must be said with stupid lack of discernment. We have heard a great deal in the past of the superior knowledge of foreign peoples which Russia's emissaries displayed. The first time it was really tried it was shown to be virtually nonexistent. The officials who failed to see how formidable a power they were bullying and aggravating into hostilities, cannot be credited with supernatural vision. A little more of the fox and less of the rough bear would have been good policy—for a few years, at all events.

Japan has become one of the world's great powers. Her sphere of influence, of course, is in the Pacific and the Far East. There she is master. The United States has a large Pacific littoral, but it cannot hope to be ranked before Japan. Marshal Oyama is being called the Japanese Napoleon, but Napoleon never had such soldiers under him as this grey-bearded Japanese marshal. He sets his men impossible tasks and they accomplish them. The power of patriotism when it becomes a fanatical religion is seen to be irresistible. Oyama, unlike Napoleon, is slow in the dispositions of his enormous forces, but his combinations, when the day of action comes, always connect, and he has the utmost faith that his men will effect the tasks allotted to them. He scattered his columns over an immense territory. The obvious danger was that Kuropatkin would break through them and the flanker find himself flanked. The amazing valour of his men appears to have made this impossible, and he has used his innumerable array like a ruthless and relentless chain, ever tightening its unbreakable grip until the Russian host was strangled in its coils.



Under the pressure of military disaster and civil commotion the Czar has, with evident reluctance, intimated that a representative assembly would be called in which all classes will have a right to be heard. There is already known to the Russian system a consultative assembly of notables known as the Zemski-Sobor. It has not been convened in the past 200 years, but it is not bad policy to revive a suspended institution and improve it if necessary rather than adopt machinery wholly new. Those who have read Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's account of the village councils or mir and the zemstvo or district assembly, will scarcely agree that Russia is quite unfit for representative institutions. It would undoubtedly be the part of wisdom to feel the way carefully, but it is

ROPED!



An elopement that has been declared off.—New York World
(The Senate has blocked President Roosevelt's half dozen of arbitration agreements with leading European nations.)

not at all likely that there are one-quarter the dangers in granting a constitution that there are in refusing one.

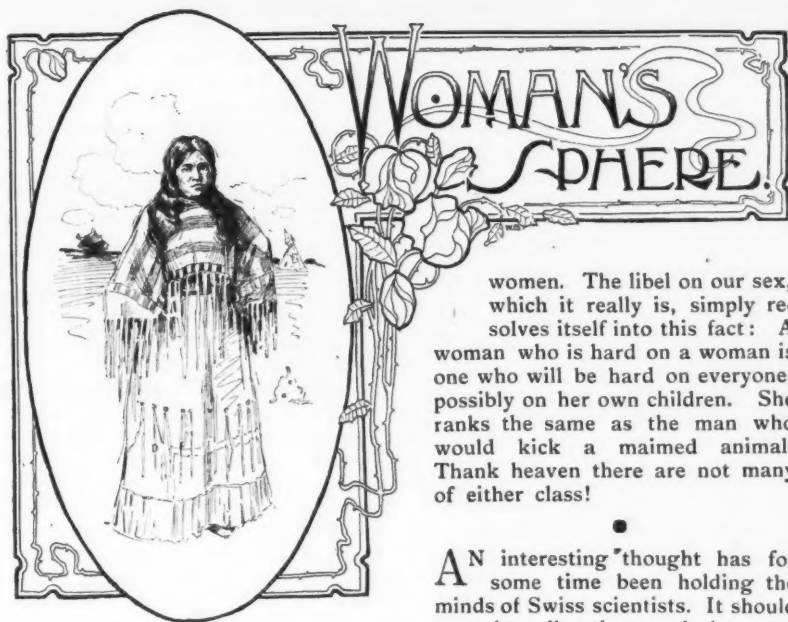
The United States are practically committed to taking charge of Santo Domingo until the foreign creditor has his little bills settled and a financial equilibrium is established. President Castro of Venezuela will probably soon find himself in the same position. It is not a pleasant task, but the Monroe doctrine has its duties and responsibilities as well as its glories. The other nations of the earth may well evince their benevolent satisfaction at this attempt to make the notorious republics of the south behave with honesty and moderation.

The Senate virtually spoiled the efforts made by President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State to give the Hague Arbitration Court a significant recognition by providing the submission to it of such legal and interpretation questions as could not be accommodated by diplomacy. The agreements had been made with half a-dozen powers including Great Britain. The Senate, however, inserted a provision that the submission of each particular question should be first approved by the Senate in the form of a treaty. The President, in a vigorous letter, declared that this addition took all the virtue out of the work of the administration.

There is, indeed, a quite evident tendency on the part of the Senators to put a spoke in the Roosevelt wheel, not that he is *persona non grata*, but because his firm attitude on railroad and trust questions has made him some enemies amongst that gathering of the friends of monopoly in its various forms. There is plenty of evidence that the country is with the President and that if the fight keeps up long enough the President's desire not to be a candidate in 1908 will be swept aside by an irresistible public determination to keep at the White House a strong and courageous enemy of public plunderers, however strongly entrenched behind custom and capital. But that is a considerable time to look ahead.

John A. Ewan.





One speak of you but lately, and for days,
Only to think of it my soul was stirred
In the tender memory of such generous
praise."

"I heard
—Practor.

THERE is a strange fallacy which says that women are hard on their own sex. To a woman it is a matter of wonderment how such a thought originated. As a matter of fact, a woman involuntarily turns to and clings to a woman in times of tribulation and the mother instinct naturally implants sympathy for women which could not be found elsewhere. This is not meant to cast any reflection on men, except in the way of reminding them that they are sometimes too ready to cry, "Trust a woman to be hard on a woman!" Perhaps they are not aware, as many women could tell them, that it is always to a woman that a poorer woman comes when in trouble; we have this exemplified repeatedly in our homes by the back-door habitant. Not to speak boastfully, for I am speaking of the sex at large, it very often occurs to me that men scarcely know the little sympathies that are extended by women to

women. The libel on our sex, which it really is, simply resolves itself into this fact: A woman who is hard on a woman is one who will be hard on everyone, possibly on her own children. She ranks the same as the man who would kick a maimed animal. Thank heaven there are not many of either class!

AN interesting thought has for some time been holding the minds of Swiss scientists. It should appeal to all nations and classes of people who desire to never grow old and who wish to look forward to celebrating their two hundredth birthday by leading a cotillion. And such a simple matter that any intelligent house-wife could grasp! The Swiss scientists claim that by distilling water, which removes all the lime, thus doing away with the dread enemy of youth, we shall have left water of the purity and liquid enchantment of the gods! The Swiss gentlemen have proved their theory by literally "trying it on the dog." They took two canines, fed one on distilled water and the other on ordinary spring water for two years. After the two years had elapsed the dogs were killed and a sample of their blood and bone analysed. The dog fed on distilled water had aged exactly one-third more slowly than the animal who had been consuming a certain amount of lime. We are told that a still can be ordered from a tinsmith at the small cost of a few shillings.

THE rage for Bridge holds in it some material for thought. Any one who has played Bridge (and not

to have played Bridge means not to have lived in these strenuous days), must have noticed the effect on some women's dispositions that this game has. Physicians who are ardent Bridge players, will explain to you that the danger lies in the close confinement, as some enthusiastic players in our midst play Bridge five afternoons a week and sometimes six; that this habit of hiding one's self away from the sunlight and sitting for three hours each day in an artificial light is scarcely beneficial to the physical side of a woman's nature. This is no doubt true, but there is a deeper danger even than this. It is the effect on the mental and, one might say moral, side of one's nature. There is a spirit of selfishness and a peculiar covetousness which, when brought into play five days a week, holds a danger of implanting permanent results.

Apart from all underlying thought, women who are inveterate Bridge players should remember that sunlight and fresh air are more worthy of being sought after than extraordinary skill in any prevailing rage.

●
A WOMAN writer in a reputable current magazine has been discussing the decadence of story-writing. She very nearly touches the truth when she tells us that we shall have nothing great to hand down to posterity; that we have had no Dickens or Scott or Thackeray, or, in fact, anyone with anything pertaining to the greatness of the old writers of imaginary literature.

It is a peculiar fact, not touched upon by the above writer, that everything connected with science and discovery has undergone a wonderful evolution in the past few decades, while the arts have really not kept pace. More may be known of the theory of the different arts, but the fact remains that the efforts of the individual have not only remained at a standstill, but seem to have degenerated. Even such men as Leighton and Bourne-Jones could scarcely be

placed beside Raphael or Reynolds. The same may be applied to sculpture, and, in the matter of literature, we certainly have no master intellects which we could place beside the old writers. I am speaking solely of imaginative work. The deeper fields of thought have an entirely different aspect. As a matter of example, Spencer and Ruskin could certainly be placed side by side with the greatest writers of their class. Perhaps Stevenson is the one imaginative writer who possessed some of the genius of the past.

Making a careful analysis of the present day writers, from a realistic standpoint, perhaps the entire lack of genuine humour is the most noticeable deficiency and, after all, the chief characteristic of story-writing should be to amuse. Where, in the course of a year's reading, could we find anything so distractingly funny as the humorous characters in *Pickwick*, or the jovial ex-collector of *Boggley Wollah* in *Vanity Fair*?

The modern story is typical of the times. It caters to a species of rapid transit mind development.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill

●
SPRING'S MEANINGS

"Like tulip-beds of different shapes and dyés
Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's
sighs."
—Moore

AT the time of writing, the March sunset, watched from an upper window, grows a richer yellow every minute—sure prophet of wind; and this reminds me that to-morrow the fashionable feminine folk of the town will be out shrouded in veils and sportive in spring bonnets.

To the birds who are frantically settling in our tree-tops, taking advantage of squatters' privileges and eagerly grabbing the best sites for building operations, spring means the start of housekeeping, and matrimonial ventures with all their attendant cares and pleasures.

To the woodsman, the season suggests getting ready for the "dump"

and the beginning of the tedious and always perilous "drive" down the water-courses of our northland.

To the sailor—and who loves spring like the sailor?—it means new life in his lungs, the thrill of wind-sounds in the rigging and the joy of flapping sails!

But the women—is it a shame to confess it?—she is torn between the conflicting emotions of a keen eagerness to turn things topsy-turvy, by the process known to terrified man as a "spring house-cleaning," and a torturing indecision as to the exact size of dot in her spring veil, or the precise number and variety of colours advisable to have on her Easter bonnet.

Every fashioner of hats has but the one story to tell you this spring, namely, that there is positively no limit to the number of different and even discordant colours to be crowded upon one hat; and confidentially advises, in a stage-whisper, that if you want your new creation to look exactly like a Paris *pattern*, you must have upon it, in a "jumble," every colour of the rainbow!

Now, at this pitfall, the wise Canadian madame, or demoiselle, will use her brains, and avoid a headlong tumble by a little discretion. She may follow the Paris hat—at a distance—perhaps in form, or sufficiently so in colour, as not to be entirely "out of it," but she will select her colours with grave care, and, even should she choose seven, she will see to it that they all harmonise, and also that they will become her particular style of beauty.

"These dazzling eyes before whose shrouded might
Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and quake."

And concerning the veil, which may lend to a woman an added power—a "shrouded might." This adornment may be termed an *extra*, as really a non-essential in woman's wardrobe, but if properly worn, is a very pretty adjunct to the feminine attire, bearing in its folds a quaint suggestion of aloofness. Like the

high hedges about old English gardens, it shuts out a too bold gaze of the intruder, but, like the same hedges, it should be properly trimmed.

The veil must be judiciously chosen as to weave, colour and length, but, more important still, it must be artistically draped. Even as the knotting of a tie, or the arrangement of a girde, the draping of a veil requires something more than can be taught in any school of fashion. Perchance it is a bit of feminine jugglery, mastered only by the few, or a deft twist of the wrist that a rare woman is born with, but whatever it is, that "something" is very necessary to one who would make herself presentable in a veil. Otherwise she might better, as Tom Moore suggests (with due apologies to Tom for changing "his" to "her"):

"From her angel brow
Cast the veil that hides its splendours now,
And gladden'd Earth shall through her wide
expanse
Bask in the glories of this countenance!"

Watch the "veiled beauties" sailing along King Street any morning during a shopping tour, and see if you do not agree with me, that many of the flying colours there seen are reminiscent of nothing so much as a washing hung out to dry, or the tattered burgee on a defeated battle-ship.

A parting word about hats. One new shape shown me was called the "Kuroki"—a sort of cross between the "Lulu Glaser" and a Japanese sun-turban. The brim and inner rim drooped in parallel walls, making sort of a trench, not to fire bullets from, but to "shoot glances" over at the "enemy" from beneath banks of the loveliest flowers possible to artificial skill.

Annie Merrill.

A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

THE demand for wealthy American wives on the part of impecunious members of the European nobility has led to the establishment on the Continent of a sort of bureau of information regarding the number and posi-

tion of marriageable American heiresses. The agency is said to have branches in several of the Continental cities, and to be extensively patronised by the hordes of princes, barons and counts found in Russia, Germany, and neighbouring countries. By its representatives in the United States the agency is supplied with the most minute details concerning Brother Jonathan's wealthy and eligible daughters. These descriptions relate not only to the fortunes and personal appearance of the ladies, but even include their character, temper, habits, height, weight, size of gloves and shoes worn, and so forth. It is, in fact, a sort of secret and exclusive matrimonial agency, patronised entirely by the male sex, for it need hardly be said that the information obtained about the ladies is mainly gathered by surreptitious methods. The particulars, in fact, are gleaned chiefly by women who are glad to earn fees by acting as spies on their wealthier sisters. Large profits are earned by the agency on each marriage brought about by its aid.—*Selected.*

EUPHEMISM

The humorists and the satirists are continually passing remarks upon the civilised barbarianism of modern times. Whether they prefer uncivilised barbarianism, or whether they think that civilisation should be entirely free from any barbaric qualities is not clear. At any rate, the veneer of Euphemism which is over the life of society is made into a target for their steel-pointed quips and jokes. Here is a recent example from *Punch*:

THE EUPHEMISTIC AGE

Time was we Britons all displayed
A frank and brutal candour;
We used to call a spade a spade,
But now we're growing blander.
If Truth be nude, we think it rude
To turn our glances on her:
We dare not look till we can hook
Some decent clothes upon her.

When nightly, as we sit at meat
Around the groaning table,
We over-drink and over-eat
As long as we are able,
'Tis not from greed we love to feed,
And swinish inclination—
Alackaday! we are a prey
To "social obligation."

When ladies seek masseuses' skill
To rub away Time's traces,
And sleep (as I am told they will)
With masks upon their faces;
When they repose with peg on nose
To mould it into beauty—
Good friend, refrain! Don't call them vain!
They are the "slaves of duty."

When City men conspire with Earls
To tempt untutored boobies
By talk of valleys filled with pearls
And diamonds and rubies;
When they invite the widow's mite
To set their ventures floating—
It's swindling? No! by no means so!
It's "company-promoting."

When public gentlemen address
Small cheques to institutions,
And little pars to half the Press
About their contributions—
You hint they're glad to get an "ad."
And easy popularity?
That's not their game! They have one aim—
"Disinterested charity."

"Many divorces are caused by a very common mistake."

"What is that?"

"Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."

"The professions are full, shall I give my boy a college education?" says the parent. No profession, no calling, no branch of life was ever filled. Good men and women need not wait on unperformed tasks—they never did wait. Will you give your boy a college education? Yes, give it to him if you think he will understand its usefulness, if his attitude will be such as to enable him to take advantage of it.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE peculiar political conditions of the past decade in Ontario political life have had a questionable influence upon the University of Toronto, the educational creature of the provincial government. Controlled by the government, dependent upon it for annual grants, for new buildings and other extensions of facilities, and for improvements in its administrative regulations, it must be influenced by the conditions of the times. For ten years, succeeding provincial administrations have been on the defensive because all the legislative majorities have been small. Each premier, instead of framing advanced policies, was simply strengthening his entrenchments. Each administration was peculiarly susceptible to influence and pressure.

The University of Toronto had great needs, and to satisfy them it was forced to look to its parental head—the government. That body could be reached most easily by influence and pressure. It was thus that corporations were securing privileges, that companies were obtaining legislature-made powers, that individuals were securing favours. What more natural than that the University should adopt means so potent and so well recognised!

To create pressure and exhibit influence the alumni were organised into an association, of which two of the university president's closest friends were chairman and secretary. The alumni of each county throughout Ontario were organised into county associations. A great machinery was created which would have political influence, or the semblance of it. A

new science building was required, and demanded. The government's hesitation was speedily removed when this newly created machinery was set in motion by the president and his friends. A huge deputation visited the parliament buildings at Toronto and demanded this new structure and also payment to cover annual deficits. The government yielded.

A new Convocation Hall was decided upon. The machinery of the alumni association was put in motion and \$50,000 was subscribed by the graduates and their friends. Then a



THE LATE E. F. CLARKE, M.P.

Member for Centre Toronto, and Ex-Mayor of the city, who died recently

Photograph by Gooch

march was made upon the government. The premier made a show of resistance. Further pressure was brought upon him through two of his colleagues who were graduates of the University and who were beguiled with high honorary degrees. In the end the premier yielded, and another grant was made. These are two conspicuous examples of the game that was played.

No doubt all these grants were required. Perhaps the new buildings were absolutely necessary. No doubt the monies so granted will be spent to the advantage of the Province. Yet, the method employed has had an ill effect on the institution. The president and his advisers have been looking so much to these material gains, that the mental gains have been overlooked. There has been more desire to increase the buildings and the revenue than to increase the efficiency of the staff, to raise the standard of instruction and to develop the intellectual life of the institution. The spirit of petty politics has permeated the university atmosphere, until the higher life of the institution has been threatened. On paper, the institution looks strong; in spirit, it is manifestly weak.

In the February issue of the *University of Toronto Monthly*, a writer dissects the inner university, the atmosphere of a university, and shows its influence. He preaches a sermon which it would be well for this particular institution to heed. A faculty, broken up into factions, composed of units each of which is striving to glorify itself when it should be inspired rather with a zeal for truth and a passion for life—such a faculty cannot impress a body of students. President Loudon and most of the professors are strong men, but they have been setting their minds to the building up of the outer university rather than the inner university. A change of methods and a change of ideals cannot come too soon.



VESTED RIGHTS

THE doctrine of vested interests is one which might reasonably be the subject of an historical or eco-

nomic commission. It is obtaining a great foothold in this country because of church influence, corporate influences and judge-made law. It is being strained to defend much that is good, more that is indifferent and a little that is entirely wrong.

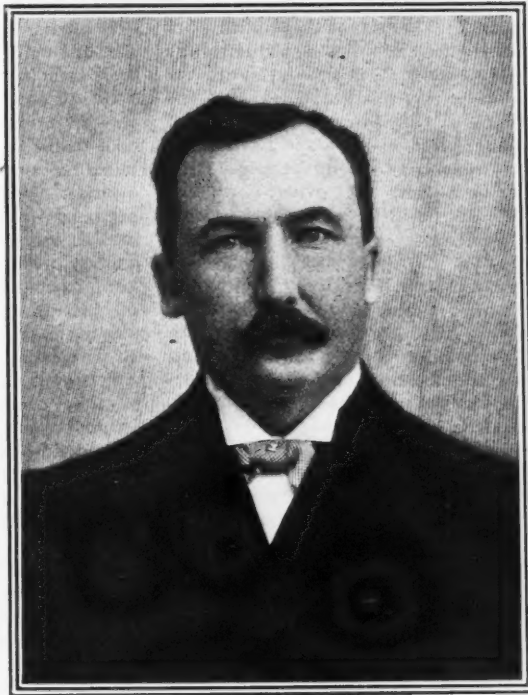
For example, a man is appointed a professor in a provincial university. He at once secures a vested right in his position, it is claimed, and for the remainder of life is entitled to \$3,000 or so per annum. He may cease to be progressive, he may acquire habits which are detrimental to a proper intellectual influence, yet he is retained. When those senior to him in appointment pass away and he becomes senior professor, he is said to be entitled to a reversion of the presidency. He may have few qualities fitting him for that position, and some which unfit him; yet he and his friends rely on the doctrine of vested rights. He becomes president and does badly, he should be retired and a successor appointed, but the doctrine of vested rights comes in to save him. The institution may go to intellectual wreck and educational ruin, but the man may not be disturbed.

The state of affairs is much the same when a legislature or parliament grants a franchise to a corporation. That organisation may pay nothing for the franchise beyond what it handed to the campaign fund to prove its *bona fides*; yet the moment the grant is made, the vested interest arises. If the grant is to be rescinded a week later, the vested interest is valued at \$100,000, or perhaps a round million. This is the doctrine propounded by telephone companies, gas companies, electric lighting companies, street and other railway companies. Once these corporations commence to do business in a certain community, henceforth that community is their property, something from which they, their heirs and assigns forever, are entitled to an annual revenue. The greatest of all annuities is the vested interest.

The Roman Catholic church has always been a great believer in vested rights. When the British conquered

the French in this country, the only stipulation of the surrender was that the vested interests of that church should be properly safeguarded. From point to point, through all constitutional and civil changes, the church has steadily fought to maintain that interest. The English church did the same in the early days of Upper Canada, but was defeated in spite of all the eloquence and organising ability of John Strachan. The Roman Catholic church has been more successful. Especially in Quebec has its vested interest grown and swelled to enormous proportions. A hundred million dollars would be a small estimate of the value of its Quebec franchise. It attempted unsuccessfully to exercise the same franchise in Manitoba, but partially failed before the Privy Council. Its vested interest claim would have been acknowledged by that body, if there had been sufficient evidence to support it. The doctrine itself found no disapproval there. Now, the sphere of action has passed on to the Territories where two new provinces are to be erected. Vested interests are again to the front, because separate schools have existed there since 1875. Separate schools are a part of the Roman Catholic franchise, and the Church zealously guards its right to maintain them. The country is mightily excited over the controversy.

It is an open question, whether this doctrine of vested rights is not being pressed too far. Shortly there will be



THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

Who has resigned from the Laurier cabinet, in which he was Minister of Interior, as a protest against some proposed features of the Bills creating two new Provinces in the West

a movement to tax the church property of all denominations. Is the cry of vested interests to arise there? Is every reform in educational, professional and corporation life, to be met with the answer: "You must not disturb vested interests"?

CANADA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE

ABOUT thirty years ago the Imperial Government was content to pay a portion of the expense required to defend this part of the Imperial domain; to-day it is demanding that Canada not only provide for her own defence, but that she contribute to the defence of the Empire as a whole. From a purely business standpoint, the

demand is not based in reason. The growth of the naval expenditure of Great Britain has not been due to any development on this continent; the reasons are entirely European. The growth of the French, German and Russian fleets has always been given as a reason for increasing Britain's fleet—not the growth of Canada. If the British taxpayer is paying out more money than he can afford, he might lay away his cheque-book and his ambitions for a time, until his resources are replenished. *Punch's* cartoon, representing John Bull as bearing a great burden, and Jack Canuck following without offering any assistance, was neither justifiable nor in good taste.

It is but reasonable to assume that, as Canada grows in material strength and financial resource, she will add to her own internal and external defence. She has been steadily doing that. Her annual expenditure for militia and defence has grown from \$667,001 in 1881

to an average of over two million dollars during the past four years. This amount will grow, because the country feels that this is necessary in its own self-interest. The annual expenditure will be practically doubled by the recent decision to assume the responsibility for garrisoning Halifax and Esquimalt, which up to the present have been Imperial stations. In the near future, the government will probably begin to build a defence fleet of some kind, and to train naval men as it now trains military forces. Canada is not persevering in this policy because of British demands. The policy was originated and has been maintained because it was felt necessary in the interests of this country. Future developments of that policy will be based upon the same reasoning.

If this view is correct, there is no need for Imperial rejoicing of the kind that has appeared recently. Canada's national pride is alone the mainspring of her actions.

John A. Cooper



THE PETITION

BY VIRNA SHEARD

SWEET April! from out of the hidden place
Where you keep your green and gold,
We pray thee to bring us a gift of grace,
When the little leaves unfold.


Oh! make us glad with the things that are young;
Give our hearts the quickened thrills
That used to answer each robin that sung
In the days of daffodils.

For what is the worth of all that we gain,
If we lose the old delight,
That came in the time of Sun and of rain,
When the whole round world seemed right?

It was then we gave, as we went along,
The faith that to-day we keep;
And those April days were for mirth and song,
While the nights were made for sleep.

Yet, though we follow with steps that are slow
The feet that dance and that run;
We would still be friends with the winds that blow,
And companions to the Sun!

About New Books.



THE LOUVRE*

CANADA is so young that she has neither art galleries nor art palaces worthy of special mention. Her lovers of art still turn for pleasure and inspiration to the galleries of Europe—the Vatican, the Pitti Palace, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery and the others.

The latest popular book on the Louvre is that written by Mary Knight Potter, who has also written of the Vatican. Even to one who knows the Louvre only by secondary testimony, this book or any other of its kind must come as a messenger of pleasure—if the art-sense of the individual has not been dulled entirely by the brutalising tendencies of the modern money-getting. Even the student of history, who cares little for art development, will find here food for reflection and study. The history of the Louvre presents in vivid colours both the aspirations and the passions of the French race.

With the exception of certain foundations, no part of this gray rectangle of buildings, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine in the very heart of Paris, is older than the time of Francois I. It is said to have been first a mere hunting-lodge, and to have derived its name from that of the wolf—*Lupus lupera*. Others claim that Philippe-Auguste, pleased with his creation, called it *the work*—"l'oeuvre, quasi chef-d'oeuvre." But Philippe built a fort or fortified palace as suited the thirteenth century. The work of enlarging it and making it a gallery was left for much later years. Colbert did his share, but most of the work was

done in the present century under Napoleon I, Louis XVIII, Charles X and Napoleon III. To-day it is the finest of the museums of the world.

Francois I gathered the first paintings for the Louvre. He learned, through the wars with Italy, the value of Italian art, and invited Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto to his court. Raphael painted his Holy Family and St. Michael for this monarch, although the artist did not go personally to Paris. Under Louis XIV, as would naturally be expected, the number of paintings grew from two hundred to more than two thousand. Colbert spared neither time, pains nor money in adding to it. The art treasures of Charles I of England passed, through a banker in Cologne and his misfortunes, into the hands of *Le Grande Monarque*. Mazarin made a great collection for himself and, when he died, Colbert purchased 546 original paintings, 92 copies, 130 statues and 196 busts from this collection and transferred them to the Louvre.

When the Revolution came, the people called the Louvre the *Muséum de la Republique*, and opened it to the public in November, 1793. The Republic, with curious highmindedness and generosity, subscribed one hundred thousand livres annually for the purpose of buying pictures exposed at private sale in foreign countries. From guillotining monarchs to making art collections is such a short step.

Napoleon, with sardonic contradiction, gathered as spoils of war the art treasures of Europe, and sent them to Paris. From Italy, Holland, Austria and Spain came huge caravans of treasures. France claimed that these were not pillage, but honourable fruits of Napoleon's victories; nevertheless,

*The Art of the Louvre, by Mary Knight Potter. Illustrated, 418 pp, \$2.00. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

many of them were returned when peace and order were restored.

All this information and much more is contained in the first two chapters of this beautifully printed volume. The other eighteen chapters are devoted to descriptions of the art treasures of the various rooms. Some of the famous pictures described and illustrated may be mentioned:

Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci.
Immaculate Conception, Murillo.
Lorenzo Tornabuoni, Botticelli.
Visitation, Ghirlandajo.
Adoration of the Magi, Luini.
Madonna of Victory, Mantegna.
Charity, Andrea del Sarto.
Holy Family, Lotto.
Philip IV, Velasquez.
Charles I, Van Dyck.
Bohemian Girl, Franz Hals.
Christ at Emmaus, Rembrandt.
Entombment, Titian.
Jupiter and Antiope, Correggio.
Marriage Feast at Cana, Veronese.
A Morning, Corot.
The Gleaners, Millet.

Neither the pastels, the water-colours, nor the mural decorations are considered in the volume. Nevertheless the book is most satisfactory, both in contents and its mechanical excellence.



SHERLOCK HOLMES*

BETWEEN the ages of ten and seventy, a male person is interested in detective stories. One of our leading journalists tells that when, as a boy on the farm he became possessed of his first dollar, he walked ten miles to the nearest town, purchased ten ten-cent novels and walked home again with his treasures. From this and other instances, the thinking man will not condemn the average boy who is deeply interested in detective yarns. This interest is dangerous only when it takes possession of the boy and absorbs his whole being. So long as he can indulge in it in moderation, it is not necessarily harmful. Much nonsense is talked about the wickedness of allow-

ing youths to read this class of literature. If parents feel that it is becoming harmful, let them not forbid it but rather turn the boy's interest into better channels. Kill the one interest by substituting another.

It is not the interest of youths which has made Sherlock Holmes more profitable to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle than a gold mine. It is the interest of men, business and professional men. If these men find a legitimate pleasure in the adventures and acuteness of Sherlock Holmes, why should they condemn a similar interest on the part of a younger generation in Old Sleuth of New York?

Sherlock Holmes is a type of shrewd man whose wits are keener than the average, a type of man whose courage is above the ordinary, a type of man with whom duty is always first. As such he is to be admired. His career has something which is admirable, even though it might not be chosen by the preacher as a model. Methods of teaching and methods of giving pleasure must always be various. No legitimate form of either is to be despised. Conan Doyle has made him a hero; and the common people have received him gladly. Let us, therefore, hope that the standard of duty and courage set by him will bear its proper fruit; for this seems better than lamenting to no purpose that the higher literary appreciation of good books is confined to the very few.



TRAMPS

THE economic writer vies with the novelist in giving us information about tramps, their origin and their mental attitude. Charles D. Stewart has written a book called "The Fugitive Blacksmith,"* cleverly and humorously recounting the exploits of a mechanic who became a tramp because he was unjustly charged with the commission of a crime. The author is a

*The Return of Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle. Cloth, illustrated, 381 pp. Toronto: Morang & Co.

*The Fugitive Blacksmith, by Charles D. Stewart. Cloth, 321 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Chicagoan who, though but thirty-seven years of age, has been tramp, blacksmith, photo-engraver, journalist, and labour leader. Apparently he himself is one of those unfortunate men to whom change is necessary, and with whom it is inevitable. This mode of life has a fascination of its own, and it is said to be followed in the United States by 100,000 men.

Mr. Stewart's story is interesting. Some of the chapters might have been eliminated—especially the first. There is no attempt at psychological analysis of the characters, and there is an entire absence of philosophy. It is a story in which the events explain themselves. Finerty, the Irishman in charge of the sand-house at a railway divisional point, is the person who entertains the tramps and listens to their tales. Finerty is as humorous as one could wish, and when he re-tells any part of the story it gains much in brilliancy. The blacksmith is not humorous, but he is ingenious, a shrewd observer, and a square partner amid all his misfortunes.



THEODORE ROBERTS

Author of "Hemming, The Adventurer."

THEODORE ROBERTS

OF all the younger Canadian writers, none gives more promise of excellence than Theodore Roberts. Like his sister and his three brothers, all older than he, he early gave evidence of literary and artistic taste. He is not yet thirty years of age, but his experiences have been varied. Most of his early years were spent in his native city, Fredericton, but in 1897 he joined the staff of the *New York Independent*. The Spanish-American War occurring soon afterwards he went to Tampa, Florida, as special correspondent, crossed to Cuba with Shafter's army, and was soon stricken with fever. In May, 1899, he went to Newfoundland, where he published and edited *The Newfoundland Magazine*. Such a venture was not likely to be successful in so small a colony, and he was soon forced to abandon it. In the meantime, his name had become

familiar to the readers of New York publications, both his poetry and his prose finding ready acceptance. In 1899, a volume of poems from his pen and those of his brother and sister appeared with the title "Northland Lyrics," Professor Roberts, the eldest brother, writing a Foreword, and Bliss Carman, a cousin, an Epilogue. In January of last year, his first novel "Hemming, The Adventurer," appeared in Boston. Recently a Canadian edition has been brought out. Mr. Roberts was married last year, and has spent the fall and winter in the Barbadoes.

"Hemming, The Adventurer" is the story of a British officer who lost his money by the treachery of a fellow-officer, and was compelled to resign his commission. Worst of all, he found his fiancée estranged by false tales. He engages as correspondent

*Hemming, the Adventurer, by Theodore Roberts. Cloth, illustrated, 328 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

for a New York press agency, and visits Turkey and Greece, but is called to New York and sent on to South America. His adventures are numerous. The friendship with O'Rourke, a free lance like himself, is the strongest feature of the yarn. Both have been crossed in love, both love adventure for adventure's sake, both value the freedom which is the greatest reward of the travelling journalist. The story reminds one of the work of Richard Harding Davis, and of such books as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is not ponderous in theme or in analytical quality; it is simply a lively tale. Nevertheless there is in it a shrewdness of observation, a cleverness in handling of plot and character which place Mr. Roberts above many of the popular story writers of the day.

A WOMAN PREACHER

WE are all preachers—that is, all of us who are of any use in the world. Some of us preach by practice and some by words, some merely by the lines on our faces. There are two English women-novelists who preach, Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphry Ward. The former does it clumsily; the latter delicately. The former sometimes goes so far that one is impressed with a certain feeling of posing, of staginess, of insincerity; the latter is usually moderate. Robert Elsmere, David Grieve, Marcella and all the rest were sermons, gentle, pleasant, yet rugged and forceful.

"The Marriage of William Ashe"* is a novel of political life, with here and there shrewd comments, vigorous protests, clear commendations. Some Canadian public men are condemned, for example, by this quotation:

"Any one who knew him well might have observed a curious contrast between his private laxity in these matters and the strictness of his public

practice. He was scruple and delicacy itself in all financial matters that touched his public life, directorships, investments and the like, no less than in all that concerned interest and patronage. He would have been a bold man who had dared to propose to William Ashe any expedient whatever by which his public place might serve private gain. His proud and fastidious integrity, indeed, was one of the sources of his growing power."

Mrs. Ward is more than a preacher, she is a creator of literature. She is not so tedious as Henry James or Watts-Dunton, but she is in their elegant class; to their dignity of diction and style she adds brightness of dialogue, sprightliness in the choice of character, lightness in delineation. One cannot but regret that hundreds will read her new novel and miss these subtle qualities because of the interest in the story itself.

Kitty, the wife of William Ashe, is a wonderful creation, something of the type of Lady Rose's daughter. She is summed up in the phrase "physically small and intellectually fearless," but that requires much elucidation in incident and picture. Her infatuation for Cliffe, "a kind of modern Byron," is in keeping with her other strange fancies. Her strong, irrational will leads her into grave errors. Her hatred of conventionalities cause her uncounted troubles. The secret of her peculiarities is hinted at early in the story, but is not fully revealed until the denouement.

NOTES

"Beautiful Joe's Paradise," by Marshall Saunders, the Nova Scotian writer, has been issued in England by Jarrold.

The Canadian public would do well to pass "The Sign of Triumph," by (Mrs.) Sheppard Stevens. It is a tale of the famous Children's Crusades of the thirteenth century, but is sadly marred by some filthy scenes which no

*The Marriage of William Ashe, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Cloth, illustrated, 563 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.

right-minded person would be likely to construct. All sins, mistakes and errors are not hideous, but the sins painted in this book are decidedly so. We feel certain that the Canadian publishers were misinformed concerning its character, or it had not appeared here.

"French Songs of Old Canada," by Graham Robertson, has been issued in London (13s. 6d.), by Heinemann. The songs are given with the music and an English translation.

Norman Duncan is issuing a sketch through the Revell Publishing Company, entitled "Dr. Grenfell's Parish: The Deep Sea Fishermen," which will give an authentic presentation of the great work which the doctor is doing on the coast, where Dr. Grenfell's parish covers a district two thousand miles in length.

William Briggs has just issued a volume of some importance from the pen of a Canadian, namely, "The Supremacy of the Bible," by J. Mercier McMullen, the Canadian historian. Mr. McMullen is now in his 85th year, and the book is an excellent example of prolonged intellectual energy. The book deals with the relations of religion to speculative science, remote, ancient history and the higher criticism; and, as the author puts it in a

sub-title, is "a brief appeal to facts, inductive reason and common-sense." It is a volume of nearly 500 pages.

G. B. Burgin's new story, "The Marble City," has a Canadian setting, although the author is not a native. He is expected to again visit Canada this year, and will probably spend his holidays in Northern Ontario.

Harper and Brothers are shortly to publish a group of Northwest stories by Herman Whitaker—a new star in the milky way.

E. J. Payne has written a volume entitled "Colonies and Colonial Confederation," which is published by Macmillans. One would like to learn what experience Mr. Payne has had in colonial matters.

Stewart Edward White's books have grown quite popular in this country and apparently are doing well in Great Britain. "The Mountains," his latest book, has met with a good reception on both sides. It has less geographical interest to Canadians than his previous books because his mountains are the Western Sierras in the United States. Still, the book interprets the message of the mountains, paints the glory of that kind of natural scenery and indicates the prize which the seeker may find there.



A PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

THE problem published last month attracted a great deal of attention. Here it is with the best solutions:

In the following sum in long division all the figures have become obliterated except four. Complete the sum by supplying the missing figures, and explain in the simplest form how they are obtained.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{x 2 x) x x x x x x (x 6 x} \\
 \underline{\text{xx 2}} \\
 \text{xxxx} \\
 \underline{\text{xxxx}} \\
 \text{x 7 x} \\
 \underline{\text{xx x}}
 \end{array}$$

The clearest and most complete solution is furnished by Mr. H. W. Brown of Berlin, Ont.:

For convenience sake allow me to substitute the following notation:

$$\begin{array}{cccccccc}
 a & 2 & b & c & d & e & f & g & h & (i & 6 & k \\
 & & & l & m & 2 & & & & & & \\
 \hline
 & & & n & o & p & q & & & & & \\
 & & & r & s & t & u & & & & & \\
 \hline
 & & & & & & & v & 7 & h & & \\
 & & & & & & & x & y & z & & \\
 \hline
 & & & & & & & & & o & &
 \end{array}$$

Obviously $y=7$ since the remainder $=0$;
 7 being odd must arise from k times 2 + some odd number carried from k times b ;
 k must be less than 6 since xyx is less than $rstu$, that is $k=0, 1, 2, 3, 4$ or 5 ;

Now o and 1 are both impossible values because no carrying number would be produced in either case from k times b ;

Moreover $2, 4$ and 5 are equally impossible since the carrying numbers would have to be $3, 9$ and 7 respectively to produce a 7 from the 2 in the divisor;

Hence $k=3$;

3 times $2=6$, therefore 3 times b must produce some number between 9 and 20 so that there may be 1 to carry to the 6 to make 7 ;

Therefore b must be $4, 5$, or 6 ;

5 is impossible owing to the 2 in $lm2$, so that b 's value must be 4 or 6 ;

Let us now consider the value of i ;

If $b=4$ i must be 3 to produce a 2 ;

If $b=6$ i must be 2 or 7 to produce a 2 ;

7 is impossible since $lm2$ is manifestly less than $rstu$;

2 is impossible since $lm2$ cannot be less than xyx and leave $nopa$ a remainder less than $a2b$;

Hence $i=3$ and $b=4$;

Our system of notation is the decimal system, therefore cd cannot be less than 10 , and l , which is 3 times a , must be as near 10 as possible;

The nearest multiple of 3 is 9 , therefore 3 times $a=9$, and $a=3$;

Now, by substituting the values we have obtained, we get

Divisor $= 324$,

Quotient $= 363$,

Dividend $= 324 \times 363 = 117612$;

From these data all the remaining unknowns may be found in the ordinary way.

Hoping that this solution may meet with your approval, and trusting that you will continue this feature of the magazine from month to month, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Berlin, Ont.

HARRY W. BROWN.

Somewhat similar accurate and clear solutions have been received from J. M. Hood, of Stayner, and James Quigley, of Regina.

Then there was a second class of answers which might be labelled the "rough and ready" class. Of these solutions, the following may be taken as examples. Oswald C. Withrow, M.D., Fort William:

I first found out what combinations of figures would give me 2 as end figure of a product, and rejected all but 3×4 . I put the 4 as last figure in the divisor. Then I knew that as the first figure of the $xx2$ must be a high figure, possibly a 9 , I placed 3 as the first figure of the divisor, making it 324 , and $36x$ as quotient. Then as the middle figure of xxx would probably be a 7 so that it would come out even, I thought 3 must be the last figure of the quotient, making 363 , and by multiplying I obtained 117612 .

I was about 20 minutes obtaining the answer.

Abram E. Jess, Kentville, N.S., writes:

I first put 7 under the fig. 7 in problem; this must be right as there was no remainder. This 7 was to be obtained by multiplying the 2 in divisor by last figure of quotient, which must be 3 , and last figure of divisor must be large enough to have 1 to carry when multiplied by the 3 .

The figure $2x$ must be obtained by multiplying the last figure in divisor by first figure in quotient. After first trying 2 and 6 I found the correct figures to be 3 and 4 , and the 4 must necessarily go in the divisor, so that when multiplied by the last 3 in quotient I would have the 1 to carry.

I now had 363 for the quotient and only lacked the first figure in divisor. I supplied this with the smallest figure that, when multiplying the divisor and quotient together, would bring six figures in the dividend.

This I found to be correct.

Correct solutions, some even better than these two, were received from Wm. M. Marshall, Goderich; Mathemat I Cus; Jean, Moose Jaw; J. J. Traill, Toronto; F. P. Macklem, Toronto (excellent); F. D., Cornwall (good), and several others.

A still more difficult problem will be given next month.



Idle Moments.

TRIOLET

It's funny, you know,
And as queer as can be—
It puzzles me so—
It's funny, you know,
Where the mothers' laps go
When they get up, you see;
It's funny, you know,
And as queer as can be.

Margaret Clarke Russell.

OUR FIRST MOUNTED PARADE

WE, the 2nd Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, landed in Africa on, I believe, the last day of February, 1900. After giving our horses a few days to get the stiffness out of their legs, the colonel decided to have a mounted parade. Our officers had but a nodding acquaintance with cavalry drill, or indeed, any kind of drill where a considerable body of men were involved; the horses were Western bronchos, frisky and wild as March hares, and the men earnestly intent on getting all the fun possible out of the campaign. Our lieutenant stood considerably over six feet. I do not know what his calling was in times of peace, but he was intensely military now. He talked wisely of arms, of camps, of the movements of the enemy and of the disposition of brigades. He breathed fiercely and glared at the graceless rascals of the 5th troop, C Squadron, preparatory to shouting in stentorian tones "Shine," which was his idea of the military pronunciation of the word "Attention."

Like all tall men he showed a peculiar preference for small horses, and rode a 13.3 gray pony, which made up in girth what it lacked in height. We fell in for the parade in our lines, dismounted and led our horses out back of the camp, where there was sufficient room to manœuvre the regiment.

On our right rear lay a battery of garrison artillery, back of them a regiment of infantry; in fact, on all sides of this open space were the camps of different outfits of soldiers. We were numbered off and then told off by sections, and then it was that our gallant lieutenant, glaring with deadly intensity, said, "Centre man, Prove!" Private John Russell lifted his hand over his head as a schoolboy does to attract the teacher's attention. "You are centre man, Russell," said Lieutenant —; "you will ride two horses' length behind me, no more and no less; you will follow me wherever I go. Do you understand, sir; wherever I go?" "Yis, sor," said Russell, with a grim determination to do his duty. "And the rest of you men," said the lieutenant, "you will dress on Russell; that is, you will keep level with him wherever he goes." The order to mount was given, and somehow we got on our fiery cayuses and got into some sort of line. But the dust, the shouting and general commotion was too much for the nerves of the lieutenant's pony for, taking the bit in his teeth, he bolted straight for a regiment of infantry who were peacefully going through the manual of arms. With a delightful whoop Jack Russell jabbed his spurs into his horse and with a shout of "Come on, boys," took after our fleeing officer, and the rest of us, mindful of our orders to "Dress on Russell," soon got into line and kept magnificent dressing. Then the onlookers beheld a thrilling spectacle. It had been said that in modern war there would be no cavalry charges, but here was the real thing. Forty shouting, raving maniacs, mounted on forty half-broken bronchos, and led by a grim-looking warrior whose saddle had by this time



THE MOTOR-BATH

NURSE—"Oh, Baby, look at the Diver."—*Punch*

slipped forward on the horse's withers, and whose legs stuck out in front of the pony's head on either side like a pair of buggy shafts. Like a whirlwind we bore down upon the unsuspecting infantry. I believe that their colonel was a brave man and that the regiment had a good reputation, but they fled incontinently. We swept through their camp and out the other side. Here the garrison artillery were firing with 4.7 guns, and had their ears stuffed with wadding to save the ear drums. They were shooting out to sea and were intent on their business. They never heard us until we were about on top of them, and how we managed to get through them without killing a dozen or so, none of

us really know, but we did it, and I observed that thereafter they never went to drill with the big guns without first posting a flying sentry between our lines and theirs. By tugging on one rein the pony was induced to describe a partial circle and finally came under control, and we came back to the regiment with our centre man two horses' length behind our officer and the rest of the troop dressing like veterans on Jack Russell, who was glowing with the righteous satisfaction of one who had done his whole duty.

Some months later I saw in an English illustrated paper a sketch of what purported to be a charge by my old regiment. We were shown with fixed bayonets on horseback. We carried our rifles in one hand and our revolvers in the other, and behind us, as far as the eye could reach, was a trail of dead

and dying Boers, and I have often wondered just to what extent the artist of the sketch was inspired by the incident above related.

W. A. Griesbach.

■
"Young Dr. Swift calls every day on the little widow."

"Dear me! Is she as ill as all that?"

"No, but she is as pretty as all that."

■
Mrs. Forehundred: "What was that awful yelping in the nursery just now?"

Maid: "The nurse just slapped one of your children."

"Oh! I was afraid somebody had kicked Fido."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



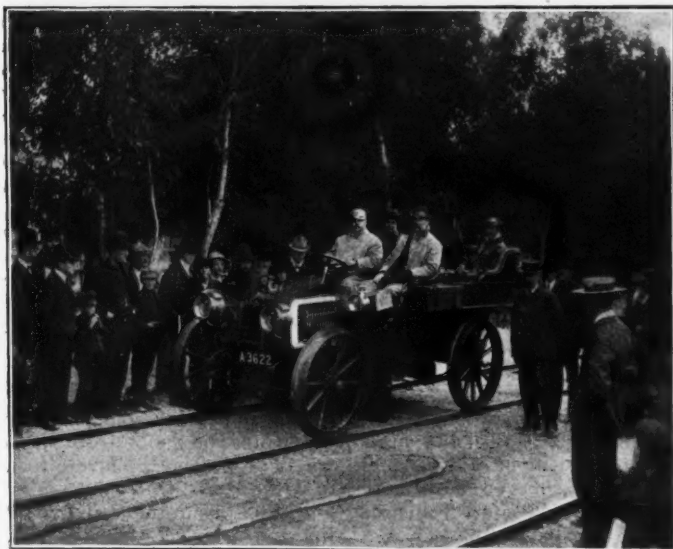
AUTOMOBILING ON RAILS

AUTOMOBILING on country roads is sufficiently exciting for most people, but one man conceived the idea of travelling across the continent on steel rails. This man, Charles F. Glidden of Boston, applied to the Canadian Pacific Railway for permission to travel over their line from Montreal to Vancouver—a distance of three thousand miles. He received it on the condition that he should carry with him an engineer and a conductor and that his machine should run on schedule time. The run was made in September last and resulted successfully. This photograph was taken at

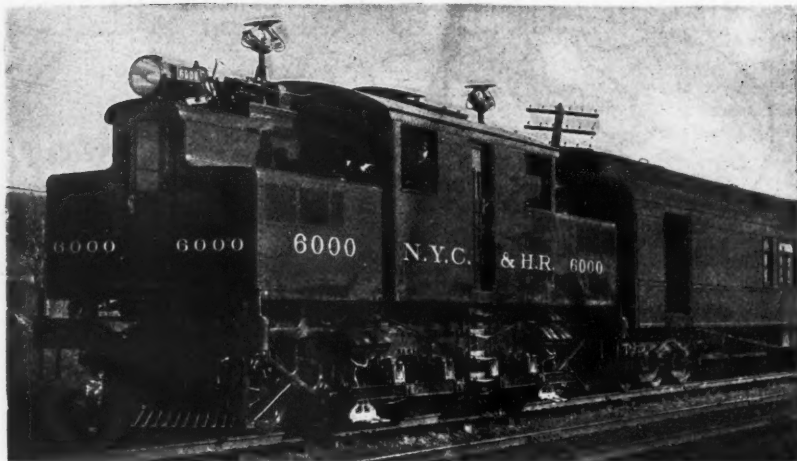
Medicine Hat, and is now published through the courtesy of the E. W. Gillett Co., Toronto.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

THE electrification of suburban lines is rapidly being carried into effect by one or two of the largest railway systems of England, and by several of the United States. In the former country the North-Eastern, at Newcastle, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Manchester, have now local electric lines in operation. Other companies are carefully observing the results of the experiment, with the



ACROSS CANADA ON AN AUTOMOBILE, VIA THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



THE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

This style of locomotive will be used to draw the trains over the first thirty-five miles of their tracks running out of the Grand Central Depot, New York

intention, no doubt, of equipping their suburban service with electric power if the advantages sought by the experimenting roads are obtained. The underground railway in London, which has for so many years been run as a steam road, is now undergoing the process of electrification. Overhead railways of England, such as that of Liverpool, are electrified. But perhaps the best evidence of evolutions going on from steam to electricity are to be seen in New York and Chicago. The New York Central is electrifying all its suburban New York lines for a distance of thirty-five miles. From five to seven hundred trains enter the Grand Central station in a day, and to handle them 300 miles of single track will be electrified. This enterprise is costing many millions of dollars, but the company hopes to be more than compensated for their enormous outlay by the increased traffic they hope to receive consequent of the benefits given the public in more rapid travel, smokeless tunnels and safety from fire. Chicago is likewise witnessing a change in the operation of its suburban trains. The larger railways entering that city

evidently believe electricity will not only facilitate the movement of the thousands who travel on their lines to suburban points, but will render travel less dangerous. In Canada, electricity on railroads has confined itself to street car lines and to electric roads running to country points. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that none of our cities are entered by tunnels nor have overhead railways. Experiments are being made in Michigan by the Grand Trunk, however, and one of the officials said recently that electricity would no doubt be used when it proved of economic value for suburban traffic. An official of the C.P.R. said the experiments of other companies are being watched but not followed out as yet.—*Montreal Gazette*.

"I think," said the prison visitor, "it would be helpful to you if you would take some good motto and try to live up to it."

"Yes," said the convict. "Now, I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For — Business Men.

RECIPROCITY

LORD Minto in a recent speech expressed the fear that the United States might offer reciprocity to Canada, and, through trade influence, create a sentiment that would win it away from Great Britain. There was a time when, had the U.S. Congress and Government been directed by statesmen, what Lord Minto alludes to might have been brought about. The fashion of the U.S. people in electing as their representatives a mass of narrow gauge, illy informed politicians, instead of giving Canada wider reciprocity, gave it the repeal of the only treaty negotiated between the two countries, the Fenian raids, President Cleveland's threats of commercial exclusion and the McKinley and Dingley tariffs. Incidentally also, it gave Canada a national backbone, that makes Lord Minto's fears needless.—*Montreal Gazette.*

IMPORTED READINGS

THE question of getting more British reading matter into the hands of the Canadian people is attracting much attention both in Great Britain and this country. His Excellency, the Governor-General, has interested himself in the movement and is lending it all his assistance. A petition from leading Canadians was presented to the British Postmaster-General a few days ago, and at the same time a deputation of British M.P.'s waited upon him. Lord Stanley, like his predecessors, refused to budge from the present practice, but that does not necessarily mean that there is no hope. Sir Gilbert Parker, who is directing the movement in Great Britain, states

that the official answer cannot be accepted.

The Canadian trade and navigation returns of 1904, p. 316, give the following figures:

Imports of newspapers, and quarterly, monthly and semi-monthly magazines, and weekly literary papers:

Great Britain.....	\$36,168
Hong Kong.....	2
Australia.....	5
France.....	1,532
United States.....	148,519
	<hr/> \$186,126

These figures do not include the quantities that come in by mail, but only such as are imported by news companies and newsdealers. It will be seen that the importations from Great Britain are only 18 per cent. of the whole, while the United States supplies 80 per cent.

AN OLD PROTECTION RECOMMENDATION

IN 1854 a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Canada was appointed to inquire into the commercial intercourse between Canada and Great Britain, the British North American Colonies, the West India possessions, the United States and other foreign countries. On the 26th of May, 1855, this committee, of which William Hamilton Merritt was chairman, reported in favor of imposing "the same rate of duties on the manufactures of the United States as are imposed by that Government on the manufactures of Canada." At that time there was in force a treaty of reciprocity in natural products between Canada and the United States, but manufactured goods were not included. The Canadian

Customs tax on manufactures was 12½ per cent. and the United States tariff averaged more than twice as high. The advice of the Commission was not taken, but in 1858 the Canadian Government did adopt a protective tariff on manufactures which, while not so high as that of the United States, was remarkably high as compared with the tariff that preceded it. The duties were increased from 12½ per cent. to 20 per cent. on a long list of manufactures, including manufactures of silk, wool, wood, iron, brass, copper, silver, glass, leathers of all kinds and India rubber, while boots, shoes, harness and ready-made clothing got protection to the extent of 25 per cent. This protective tariff caused the establishment of many industries in Canada, but unfortunately at the time of Confederation the tariff was lowered to please the Maritime Provinces, which had not yet adopted a protective policy. The fact that Ontario and Quebec were so much in advance of the Maritime Provinces in manufacturing enterprises at the time of Confederation was largely due to the fact that the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had enjoyed a considerable measure of protection for a number of years before Confederation while the Maritime Provinces were labouring under the disadvantage of free trade.—*Industrial Canada.*

PROSPECTS BY THE ATLANTIC

THE *Maritime Merchant* states that the prospects for 1905 in Eastern Canada are encouraging. It says:

"We think we can see this year a considerable alteration in the attitude of the people toward the year which is ahead of us. This time a year ago the note was one of pessimism. The outlook all over the provinces was none too cheerful. In Sydney and in the mining districts of Cape Breton the complexion of things was decidedly blue. Even then were heard around the steel-works complaints and murmurs, which some months afterwards

ripened into action with disastrous results. The strike which followed made a big hole in the resources of the workmen, and in the profits of the company and of the merchants.

"Our own province and more particularly New Brunswick had to reckon with what appeared then likely to be, and what afterwards proved to be, a lean year in the lumber business. Failures and business embarrassments served to accentuate this note. With the beginning of the present year the note is one of optimism. From both provinces, and even from the very quarters where the outlook was darkest a year ago, there now come expressions of confidence. We welcome this change. We believe it is a great mistake not to be optimistic. The world is the better for its Mark Tapleys, who "come out strong" under all circumstances, even when the tide seems to be running against them. The optimists are not without reasons for the faith that is in them. In the labour world conditions are much more stable. The miners of Cape Breton and their employers have come together with a sweet reasonableness, between master and man, which is the more charming because of its rarity. For three years, at least, labour troubles will not deprive either labour or capital of their own. The outlook at the Sydney iron-works is promising. Both output and demand are increasing, and there is nothing in sight at present to interfere with the profitable operations of these works.

"The fisheries, which, after all is said and done, are the back-bone of these provinces, are in a healthful condition. Although the catch was not large, the high prices prevailing have counteracted this, and the fishermen begin the new year with full pouches. Fishing seers and those learned in the traditions of that ancient occupation, predict that the voyages of the coming year will be good ones. Although the lumber cut will not be large, prices and markets are improving."

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